THE
Relief Society Magazine

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Mothers of Our Leaders in Israel.

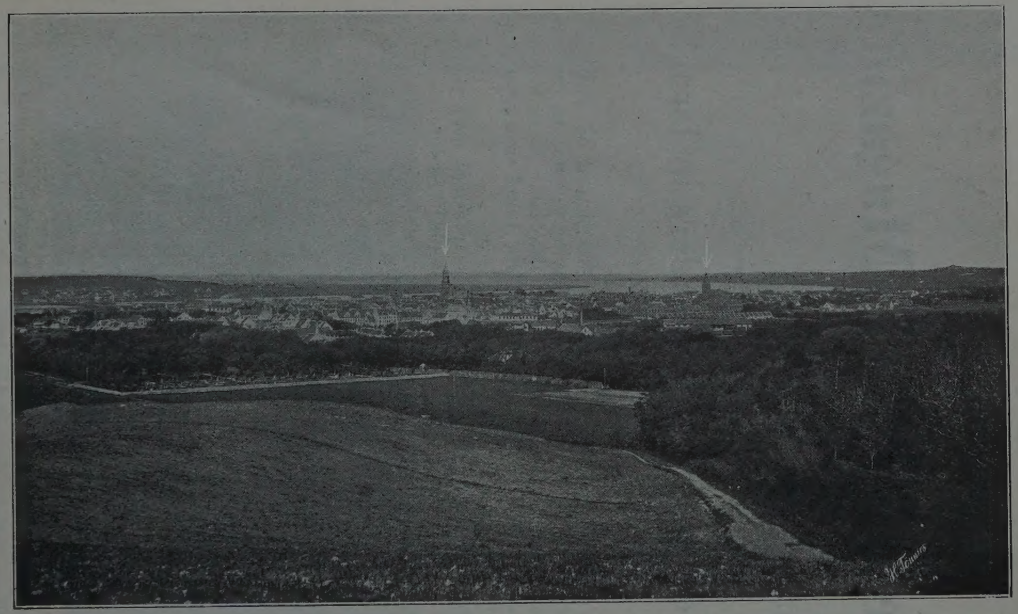
Susa Young Gates.

We present as our frontispiece the picture of President Anthon H. Lund, the month of May having given to us this true nobleman, wise counselor, scholar and historian. He is a widely read, and well informed man. President Lund was born May 15, 1844.

This good and greatly beloved man presides over the Salt Lake Temple, representing President Joseph F. Smith in his daily ministrations in those sacred courts. And as he sits in the morning assemblies, one looks at his benign countenance, his speaking eyes, and wonders what woman and women assisted in shaping the soul of this great leader, wise philosopher and born philanthropist. And so we present the modest results of a persistent endeavor to discover the lives and characters of the women grouped about the formative period of President Lund's life. His tenderly mannered mother, his brave grandmother, his splendid mother-in-law, and his wise, attractive yet very retiring wife—all these women have done their part in his life's work.

His mother was a refined, sensitive, delicately reared woman. She was born in Aalborg, lying on the beautiful Limfjord, Denmark, in 1822. Living her brief span of life out in twenty-five years, she died when her little only son was but three years old. The doctor in the house, the subdued voices, the pressure of gloom everywhere, accentuated by the dreary rain without, fell so heavily on the spirit of the child that long years and changing scenes have not eradicated the shock, and time has but softened the pathetic memory, not removed it.

The little boy was placed under the care of his grandmother,



AALBORG, WHERE PRESIDENT LUND WAS BORN.
In the church on the right his father worshiped. In the one on the left, he took school examinations when a boy.

Mrs. Gertrude Anderson, who supplied the loving tenderness and the watchful wisdom, otherwise denied him by his mother's untimely death. She taught him to honor his soldier father who marched away with the flower of Denmark's army, in 1848. So attached did he become to his grandmother that he begged to remain with her after his father returned from the wars, and moved to a distant city.

His grandmother was the soul of honor; her discipline might be severe at times, but her love shone through every act and word. She recognized the great gifts of her tiny grandson and sent him to a private school when only four years of age. When he was seven he entered the public school, and from the first was an honor pupil.

His grandmother taught him to love the Bible. She was herself a God-fearing woman and she loved to listen to the clear, childish voice reading the solemn history of God's hand-dealings with His children of olden time.

When the gospel was brought to Denmark his uncle Jens and his grandmother were among the first to receive its teachings. She was baptized in 1853, her son Jens Anderson being one among the very first baptized companies in Denmark. Sister Anderson filled her home with the Church books and these were eagerly studied by her gifted and precocious grandson.

Imagine how her heart must have swelled with pride to see her darling Anthon lifted upon the table when not fourteen years old, by President C. D. Fjeldsted to give his missionary report to the assembled conference.

This lofty spirited woman forsook all her friends and associates and with her grandson Anthon took ship at Hamburg, in 1862, in the *Benjamin Franklin,* arriving in the Valley September

PRESIDENT LUND WAS BAPTIZED NEAR THE BRIDGE IN THIS AALBORG CANAL.

24, 1862. Sister Anderson removed to Cedar, where her son Jens was already located, and there died in 1866, respected by her friends and loved closely and truly by her family and kindred. She bore the severe trials incident to changed surroundings, a new language, pioneer conditions, and the inevitable misunderstandings of new friends and associates, with the same fortitude and patient submission which marked all her life. She was one of those quiet heroines, those modest noblewomen whom life tosses on the waves of adversity but finally lays tenderly on the golden sands of the eternal shores, crowned with the diadem of achievement, her breast composed in the peace that passeth all understanding.

MRS. SARAH ANN NELSON-PETERSON.

The subject of this little sketch was known to most Saints in the stirring pioneer days of Utah's founding. She was the mother-in-law of President A. H. Lund, and she had a lasting influence on his life and character. The following sketch was prepared by him at the time of her death:

MRS. SARAH A. PETERSON,
Mother-in-law of President Lund.

There are no great exploits or brilliant feats to relate, nor many such thrilling incidents as are generally considered necessary to make up the life of a heroine; still she was a heroine in the true meaning of the word, for her life was an unbroken chain of good works; and as long as genuine goodness, unflinching integrity, and unwavering faith and trust in the Lord are traits esteemed so highly by the Latter-day Saints, so long will such lives as that here described be admired and held in the greatest veneration. We think that our readers will be interested in the history of one of the true mothers of Israel.

Sister Sarah Ann Peterson, wife of President Canute Peterson of the Sanpete Stake of Zion, was born in Kendall Township,

Orleans County, New York, February 16, 1827. Her parents were Quakers. Her father, Cornelius Nelson, with his wife, Kari, and four children left Norway in 1825, to escape religious persecution. They were passengers in the little sloop *Restaurationen* which carried the first company of emigrants from that country direct to America. With the rest of the company which came across the ocean with them they settled near Lake Ontario. While she was still but a small child her father died. Grandma Peterson's father was a man who had implicit faith in God and always expressed his gratitude to God for His kindness to him, as this little incident will show. When great-grandfather Nelson came to New York he had to struggle to get him a house built, which was made of lumber. One day, shortly after his house was finished, while he was at work, a fire destroyed the house and every piece of furniture contained in it. When he came home his family were all standing in the street. The first thing great-grandfather asked was, "Are all the children safe?" His wife answered, "Yes." Then he immediately knelt down in the road and thanked God for His kindness in preserving his wife and children. Her grand-uncle Kleng Person, had visited Illinois and was charmed with the fertile lands he found there, and he persuaded most of the Norwegians living in Kendall Township to move to that state. Her mother went with them. They took up land in La Salle County, and the family soon became prosperous.

The Nelson homestead became famed for its open-handed hospitality, and many a weary traveler rested under its friendly roof. This was in the days before the genus tramp had become so abundant. Mrs. Nelson was kindness itself, and always ready to help others. Often when the traveler had left his wet stockings at the hearth to dry she would wash and mend them while he slept, and the change effected in them would at times be so great that he would not know the pair he found in the morning! A training under such a mother could but leave its impression on the young girl, and loving kindness and solicitude for the welfare of others became the leading traits of her character, and they were quite marked even when she was a girl. She was a general favorite with the family. and her pleasing manners and warm-hearted sympathy endeared her to all who became acquainted with her. When she afterwards left her home to gather with the Saints the young "Mormon" girl was held in kindly remembrance by many people. Thirty-four years later she visited the places so well known to her childhood. Going through a by-lane one day she overtook a poor blind woman whom she had often befriended in her young days. Calling her by name in the old familar way, the blind woman over-joyed turned round and said:

"Is it possible that Sarah Nelson has come back?" She did not know that Sister Peterson was in the neighborhood.

When she was fourteen years of age some Latter-day Saint elders visited the Norwegian settlement and quite a number joined the Church. Mrs. Nelson was quite fond of some of those who belonged to the Church, but being a Quaker she could not see the necessity of baptism. She did not hinder her daughter, however, when she became convinced of the truth of the gospel, from being baptized. Sister Sarah joined the Church at the time when persecution was raging in the state against the Saints, and they were driven from Nauvoo. All manner of lies and false rumors concerning them were in circulation, but believing the gospel with her whole heart nothing could deter her from casting her lot with the people of God.

In 1849 most of the Saints in that neighborhood left to gather with the body of the Church. Now came the great trial of her life. The counsel to the Saints was to gather. She knew that only in the meetings of the Saints could she receive spiritual food; nearly all those who remained who had been members of the Church were tainted with Strangism and apostasy; to remain would be spiritual starvation; but on the other hand the Saints had been driven out into a desert and nothing but the wildest rumors respecting their fate was passing from mouth to mouth. She had a good home, and she loved her folks with an affection—the strong affection few are capable of feeling. What should she do? She sought the Lord earnestly to guide her to choose the right. Her answer was in the words of Jesus: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." This made her part clear to her; but it was nevertheless an excruciating ordeal for her to bid her loved ones good-by. Her mother asked the blessings of the Lord to follow her.

The company with which she went traveled with teams across the states of Illinois and Iowa to Council Bluffs where the companies were fitting out for the journey across the plains. It was a slow way of traveling, and it took weeks to go the same distance that now is passed over in the course of a day and night in the cars. Before reaching the Missouri River cholera broke out in the camp. Among those attacked was Sister Sarah A. Nelson, who became dangerously sick; the sisters did all possible for her, but she was rapidly growing worse. She had no relatives with the train. When Canute Peterson who was along in the company heard how sick she was, he was deeply affected. He had known her from her childhood, and after his mother died he had been treated in her mother's home as if he had been one of the family. He thought of the great sacrifices she had made for the Gospel's sake; and then how her family would be shocked to hear of her death. He went down into a grove of trees by

the river side and there wrestled with the Lord in earnest prayer. He received a marvelous answer to his prayer. The Spirit of God came upon him in a manner he had never before experienced. He felt that the gift of healing had been bestowed upon him, and without allowing his thoughts to be directed upon any other subject he went straight up to the wagon where Sister Peterson was lying, and as there were several sisters in the wagon he could not enter it, but put his hand under the wagon cover and laid it upon her head and in the name of the Lord rebuked the disease and commanded it to leave her. Her groaning ceased, the cramping pain left her immediately, and within an hour she was up and trying to help others who were sick. She said in telling her experience on this occasion, that as soon as she felt his hand upon her head she knew whose it was although she could not see him, and she felt a power thrill through her whole system removing her intense suffering at once. It was a great testimony to her that the signs follow those who believe.

During the short time of her sickness Brother Peterson learned how much she was to him. They were not engaged. Her pleasant manners had always charmed him; her integrity to her faith had won his admiration, and he looked upon her as almost a superior being: she had been deeply touched by the love she had witnessed between him and his invalid mother, and by his dutiful course in bending every energy towards earning means for her support, a responsibility that fell on him when he was hardly in his teens, after his father's death; and her esteem for him had been heightened when he had filled an honorable mission to a neighboring state. Entertaining such feelings toward each other, and circumstanced as they were, it is but natural that these feelings should ripen into the stronger feelings of love. Many suitors had sought to gain the winsome girl, but none had been able to strike a responsive chord in her heart until Canute Peterson told her of his love. He had nothing to offer her but his honest heart, but she knew that that was beyond price to her. They were married July 3, 1849, at Council Bluffs by Apostle Orson Hyde, and they spent their honeymoon crossing the almost trackless plains which lay between Missouri and Salt Lake City. They arrived in Salt Lake City, October 25, 1849. They moved into the Old Fort, and here was born their first son the year after.

In 1851 they moved to Lehi and were among the first settlers who located at that place. The next year was spent in clearing the land and building a little house, and then Brother Peterson received a call to go to Norway on a mission. His labors had been hitherto directed to making a home for his wife and child. There was no money in circulation, and he had none either to take him to his field of labor or to leave for their support during his absence. The thought of leaving her in a place just being settled

and without any relatives or any of the friends that had come with them across the plains was particularly trying to him; but his wife was ready to make another sacrifice for the sake of the gospel, which held first place in her heart, and encouraged him to go where his duty pointed, and she assisted him in making preparations for the journey.

She did feel lonesome when he had gone. Rumor had it that he would be gone seven years. He was not gone as long as that, but a little daughter born some months after his leaving home was able to read fluently in the first reader when he returned. Sister Peterson was blessed in having many friends, and they were a great comfort to her.

During her husband's absence an Indian war broke out in Utah County, and the few settlers at Lehi moved together for protection. Sister Peterson and Sister Kearns, whose husband was laboring as a missionary on the Sandwich Islands, moved into a little house which they occupied together. They found much comfort in each other's society and a strong attachment sprang up between them and also between their children. When their husbands returned they became almost like David and Jonathan. It was interesting to hear Sister Peterson relate their experiences during this trying period. When exciting news had been received of the depredations of the Indians in the neighborhood it caused them many sleepless nights. The footstep of a passer-by or the tramping of roaming cattle would fill them with anxiety; any unusual noise in the stillness of the night would startle them. If one of them should fall asleep the other would be sure to be on guard.

Sister Peterson also passed through the grasshopper war during the time her husband was away. While so many families had to live on roots and greens, not being able to procure flour, she and her children never lacked for bread. She felt the Lord provided for her and it filled her with deep gratitude to Him.

It was a happy meeting when her husband returned. She was proud and thankful that he had accomplished an honorable and successful mission to the land of her forefathers, and had brought a large company of Saints back with him. He had gone literally without purse or scrip and the Lord had marvelously opened the way for him. He found that she had been a splendid manager, for she had not only sustained herself and her children, but was in a much better condition financially than when he left.

After his return Brother Peterson worked hard to make his family comfortable, and the Lord prospered him. He also spent much time in the ministry, being called to act as counselor to Bishop Evans of Lehi. In those early days there were no railroads and all travel and freighting were done with teams. As Brother Peterson was so well known to the Scandinavians, and

living only a day's travel from Salt Lake City, his place became a convenient point for them to stop both going to and returning from the city, and hundreds received a welcome under his hospitable roof. Sister Peterson had the peculiar knack of making people feel entirely at home when they were her guests.

In 1867 her husband was called to be bishop of Ephraim. Again she had to bid good-by to a host of dear friends and help her husband begin a new home. This she did cheerfully. Soon after her arrival at Ephraim the sisters chose her to preside over the Relief Society there. From this time began her public career as a leader among the sisters in charitable works, and this was continued till her death—nearly thirty years.

Under her able management this society became very prosperous. Nearly all the women in Ephraim were enrolled as members. The poor were looked after and the sisters would take turns to watch over and nurse the sick. Besides this the prime object of the society the sisters built a hall of their own in which they held their meetings; these were almost as the love feasts of old, a sisterly affection binding all the members together. When the Manti Temple was building, the society made large donations towards its erection. When the First Presidency counseled the people to store up grain for a time of need this society stored up many hundred bushels of wheat. Considerable means were also furnished missionaries to take them on their way and to their families at home. All was raised through small contributions.

Shortly after she had become President of this society great exertions were made by the Saints to gather the poor from the old countries. Several thousand dollars were collected in Ephraim alone for this purpose. Sister Peterson and the sisters devised a scheme as novel as it was unique, to raise means for this worthy object. The members of the society agreed among themselves that they would donate all the eggs their hens should lay on Sundays for the purpose of emigrating the poor. This was carried out for many years and some of the other settlements followed the example of the good sisters of Ephraim. It looked as if the chickens entered into the spirit of the thing for they seemed to lay more eggs on Sunday than on any other day in the week! Hundreds of dollars were raised in this way and many a poor Saint owes his deliverance from Babylon to the eggs deposited on Sunday by the feathered layers.

When the Sanpete Stake was organized, in 1877, Bishop Canute Peterson was appointed to preside over it. Sister Peterson was made counselor to Sister M. A. P. Hyde, the president of the Relief Societies in that stake. Her sphere of action had now become enlarged, but she found time to attend to her duties and she performed them faithfully. With her husband she often visited the different towns in the stake and she would meet with

the members of the various societies. Her presence was always hailed with delight by the sisters, her counsel was highly valued, and her influence for good over them was very great.

Sister Peterson was a loving mother and an affectionate wife. She was the mother of nine children, of whom two daughters and four sons survive her, namely: Peter C. Canute, (dead), Sarah Ann, Parley P. Canute, W. Nels, (dead), Martha A., (dead), Herbertia W., and John. She and her husband had known each other since they were children. The love which united their hearts in early life grew stronger and stronger during forty-seven years' companionship in married life. It made them inseparable in life, it will make them one through all eternity. They were both firm believers in all the principles of the gospel, and she sustained her husband faithfully in yielding obedience to them. Her course in all the conditions of life, and especially in the family relation, was a most judicious and exemplary one. She showed her faith in her works.

In the winter of 1895-6 "Grandma" Peterson, as she was lovingly called, had a severe attack of sickness from which she never entirely recovered. She bore her suffering with saint-like fortitude and patience. Though afflicted with an incurable disease she tried to keep this fact from the knowledge of her loved ones, that she might spare them the pain the discovery of this would cause them, and even under these circumstances she had comforting and encouraging words for others. Her youngest son had been called to go to Norway on a mission; seeing his mother so sick he told her he would get his mission postponed until she was better. "No, my son," said this noble woman, "go and do your duty and obey the Lord's call. If we do not meet again here on earth we shall in heaven." She lived only a little more than a week after he left. On the 20th of May, 1896, her gentle spirit took its flight from its earthly tabernacle, and returned to Him who gave it.

Sister Peterson was an industrious and economical housewife. It was a mystery how she accomplished so much. She never seemed hurried and she was never too busy to render a service to others. Her husband loved to hear her read, and they often found time to enjoy the papers or some good book together. She was an excellent nurse. How welcome she was in the sick-room! None could make the pillow so soft, none could make the food so palatable, and none could make the sick forget their suffering as she could. How many nights she has spent at the sick bed of others! Her husband gently remonstrating would say, "They are wearing out my Sarah." She had a genial and happy disposition. She would discover a bright side to all the happenings of life. She had studied and learned well the lesson of acknowledging the hand of the Lord in all things. Sunshine

or storm, joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity, all inspired her with gratitude and submission to the good Father. She had a remarkable power to imbue others with the same cheerful hopefulness which she felt. Wherever she went she filled the house with sunshine. Her life was a beautiful one. She lived for the happiness of others and in doing this she found the key to true happiness herself.

Brother C. C. A. Christensen, who was well acquainted with her for nearly forty years, writes to *Bikuben:* "In my opinion Sister Peterson came as near to perfection as it is possible for mortals to do. She was noble-minded, self-sacrificing, and unselfish, free from vanity, diligent, and God-fearing, saving toward herself, but liberal to the needy; and her greatest pleasure was to do good to others and ameliorate their sufferings."

The Ephraim *Enterprise* says: "The funeral services were held in the Tabernacle Friday, May 22, 1896. People from all parts of the State who knew and loved the deceased were present to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the departed sister. Feeling addresses were made by Apostles Francis M. Lyman and John Henry Smith and many others who spoke of the noble character of the deceased, and eulogized her for the grand work she had done for humanity. The funeral procession was the largest ever seen in this city."

The Tabernacle was tastefully decorated with white crepe and flowers. The coffin was also white and covered with flowers and other tokens of the love and respect she had won. At the foot of the coffin was an inscription encircled with beautiful flowers which in a few words sums up the pretty story of her life:

"Faith, hope, and charity were in her soul combined,
And noble deeds like lovely flowers through all her life entwined.
She now has left us, but has only gone to rest,
And with the Saints in Paradise is happy and is blest."

SARAH ANN PETERSON LUND.

The wife of President Lund, Sarah Ann Peterson-Lund, is the eldest daughter of President Canute Peterson and his wife Sarah NelsonPeterson. She was born in Lehi, January 4, 1853. Her father had left the expectant mother to go upon a mission to Scandinavia, in December, 1852. He was on the ocean, off the New Foundland coast the night of January 4, in a terrific storm, doing his strenuous part at the pumps to prevent the distressed ship from sinking. After hours of superhuman effort he was released for a little rest. Throwing himself on his bunk he fell asleep at once, and was transported on the magic carpet of dreamland to his cabin in the Wasatch mountains. He saw his

wife in her bed of recent delivery, saw the tiny baby girl who lay beside her on the pillow, also he saw all the others in the room exactly as they were then engaged, and he lifted up his heart and rejoiced before the Lord. He wrote home the full account of this dream before ever he heard a word of news concerning the same.

Sarah Peterson was the merriest, keenest witted, best loved girl in the village of Lehi. She early showed that finely balanced character which won the respect as well as the admiration of her associates. She inherited the quick wit of her father, the wisdom and sweetness of her mother's spirit, and added to it a reticence all her own. She never sought friends nor friendship for she had no need; in her own home, her own family, and her own town she was sought by everybody else. Her infectious laugh, her brilliant sallies, and her instant repartee made her the sparkling center of her social universe.

MRS. SARAH A. PETERSON LUND,
Wife of President A. H. Lund.

She was married to Anthon H. Lund on the 2nd of May, 1870, and with home and children there developed a devoted consecration of her whole powers of mind and body to husband and family. So completely has this lovely woman absorbed herself in her home, so tenderly devoted has she been to her children that she has gradually slipped out from public gaze, happy in her home seclusion, content to be the center of life to her family and intimate friends.

Sister Lund accompanied her husband to Europe, in 1909, but suffered so much with the changing diets and ship malaise that the recollection is a nightmare rather than a joy. She rarely goes from home, an occasional visit to her family and old friends in Sanpete, breaking the sweet monotony of her busy sequestered life. When "Aunt Sanie" comes to town in Ephraim, the fatted calf is killed, and the clans gather from far and near.

The heart of her husband has found so pure, so peaceful a haven in her tender ministrations that he too loves to be close to

the home circle. And only their own best friends know how perfect is that ideal home life, how convincing its appeal, how satisfying are its joys. A perfect housekeeper, a trained cook, and a dignified gentle lady in every sense of the word, she yet gives the wheel of merry conversation around the table or by the fireside so keen a twist, so jolly a flip, that gales of laughing punctuate every discussion and add zest to every recital. Withal, she has supreme native intelligence. Like her mother, she is filled with the spirit of wisdom and integrity. It is a pity that her presence is not possible in the public councils of the women of this Church. For rarely has a more gifted and abler mind been given to woman. She seldom errs in judgment, and is the soul of loyalty and discretion. She moves with a gentle dignity and speaks with a quick sympathetic responsiveness, kindling in those about her the desire to say and to do the best that in them lies. Small wonder, then, that her husband and children regard her with a devoted love and profound admiration. Her sons are well known citizens of Utah, Professor Anthon C. Lund being the famous Provo musician and leader; another son being the popular physician, Dr. H. Z. Lund; another a lawyer, H. C. Lund, and another is the Church Historian, A. William Lund; her one daughter Eva, also a musician, is very much like her mother, and is a joy to the whole family. The children of Sarah A. Lund are: Anthony C. Lund, born 25th February, 1871; Henry C. Lund, born 13th April, 1873; Sarah H., born 19th June, 1875; Dr. Herbert Z. Lund, born 17th January, 1877; Gamite, born 19th September, 1879, d; Othniel, born 27th February, 1881; A. William, born 10th August, 1886; George Cannon, born 5th March, 1891; Eva, born 11th April, 1893. Sister Lund is loved by all who know her, and has not an enemy in the world. Her influence over her husband has been of the best and finest type of womanly sympathy and womanly devotion. What her hands hath found to do, in her own sphere, she hath done with her might.

Have you gazed on naked grandeur, where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains, heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?

Have you seen God in his splendors, heard the text that nature renders?
You'll never hear it from the family pew,
The simple things, the true things, the silent men who do things,
Then listen to the West; it's calling you.

SELECTED. ROBERT W. SERVICE.

Music Department.

We who love and make music today do not ask who has made it possible for these sweet sounds to be combined in such a way as to charm our ears and to soothe our weary hearts. We are told in Genesis 4:21 that Tubal Cain, grandson of Cain, "was the father of all such as handled the harp and organ." So that it was very early in the history of the world that music was developed into an art.

The first music was, perhaps, made through signals, and a cry uttered across the wastes to attract attention, or through implements clashed loudly together to frighten someone or something away. The savages love noise, and a baby is a savage in that direction. Give the baby a tin pan and a stick and there is no limit to the time he will spend pounding out rattling sounds from his impromptu drum.

Noise is not music, although all music is noise, in a certain sense. The sound of the waves upon the shore, the wind whispering in the leaves, the streams, rushing over their pebbly beds, all these constitute, for delicately attuned ears, a natural music. Perhaps we might say that those clear sounds which we like are music, and those which we do not like are noise, to us at least. A harsh sound is always noise to the refined ear, although the savage may enjoy it and call it music.

All arts began by being crafts, and it may have taken thousands of years for a craft to emerge into the first stage of artistic beauty. Art means the making of something beautiful in which we can express our feelings, or in which we can see a story, such as a picture, a poem, a building, a figure or harmonic sounds. Things which are useful and which belong in the class we call crafts, such as tables, chairs, couches, and other furniture, are distinguished from arts and are called crafts. Of course, furniture can be made ugly or beautiful, but a table cannot make you feeel sad or glad when you look at it, no matter how well it has been put together; a picture, a poem, or a piece of music, can make you feel either happy or mournful and because of this, these are counted arts and they always are higher than the crafts.

This department will welcome musical reports, notes and questions pertaining to music, and especially music in the Relief Society. Stake choir leaders are requested to send in reports to The Musical Department, RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE.

MUSIC IN THE RELIEF SOCIETY.

We are delighted with the progress made in our General Board choir and in some of the stake choirs throughout the Church.

In a letter recently received from a stranger in the East, she says:

"I have yet to see a school in which was maintained a high standard of musical training that did not have equally high standards in other subjects."

We may well apply this to our Relief Society work.

Granite Stake Relief Society Choir Report, for the year 1915.

The following report from the Granite stake choir leader will be interesting and suggestive to all our members:

Members	60
Average attendance about	40
Wards represented	11
Rehearsals held	18
Socials held	3
Conferences (4 Sessions)	2
Officers' Meetings	1
Conventions (2 Meettings)	1
Genealogical Program	1
Programs County Infirmary	3
Sunday Evening R. S.	1
Mothers' Meeting	1
Total	32

We furnished a full program on Genealogical Sunday in one ward. In another, a program for their Sunday evening R. S. meetting; a program of original music at our R. S. conference; two programs of John M. Chamberlain's music; a big Christmas program, and on November 21, R. S. Sunday evening, our choir divided and took part in several ward programs. We love our work and are full of enthusiasm.

LUCY MAY GREEN, Chorister.
IDA HORNE WHITE, Organist.
ALICE BEHLING, Secretary.

Plain Gossip.

By Mrs. Grundy.

Carline came over to my back porch to pay back that cup o' sugar she owed me, and she says, says she:

"Ain't it somethin' fierce the way doctors is raising' prices on us?"

And I says, says I: "Well, how are the poor doctors goin' to get rich if they don't take a rise out o' us deluded women? Think of all the poor doctors," says I, "lots on 'em with only one buzz-wagon apiece, and think o' all the debts we owe that we never pay the poor fellers. Think o' the people that get fed up with pills and powders which they buy out of their own money in the drug store, and then they forgit to pay the doctor man who tells them what pills and powders to git. I am just as sorry as I can be for the poor doctors."

"Yes, so am I," she says, says she, sarcastic-like, "sorry for the *poor* doctors. But ain't it a funny thing that most of the honest doctors *are* poor. That's not saying, howsomever, that all poor doctors are honest."

Then I says, "Well, not all the doctors are highway robbers like them you talk about, for one on 'em treated my gal for six weeks and she went there purty nigh every day and he only charged her $25, but he ain't very rich and he don't drive no $5,000 self-starter. He does lots of work for charity, and charity people do lots of cash rustling for him. They sure do their clean best to help us live and to help us die, and I just wonder how anybody ever got well in this town afore we had a doctor," I says. She just nailed me with her snapping black eyes and—she says, says she: "These poor men can't afford to put no advertising into the papers, and so you see we have to have 'em come and talk to us in Relief Society and Parents' Class, so that they can get a little free advertising, for nothin'."

I guess I snorted some at that, 'cause my sister's husband's nephew is one o' the doctors. But she jest continued right on; and she says, says she:

"Well, why can't they get rich? I ain't hinderin' 'em any, only I still stick to olive oil, and try to git my upperty daughters-in-law to be satisfied with givin' a baby a little saffron tea, and the mother a bowl of catnip and a dose of castor oil, after the babies are born. My goodness," she says, says she, "I've had eleven children and all on 'em came into the world with just a good, kind midwife 'round. Can't see but what the babies was all right after they got here, too."

"Well," I says, "maybe you got along all right, but some poor critters don't get along all right, and then they have to have some man doctor to come and see what's the matter."

"I jist declare," she says, says she, "it beats me all to pieces why women ain't got sense enough to be what women have been

for 6,000 years in the world, and that's to be out and out midwives."

"Sometimes," I says, "there's somethin' wrong, then what 'ud you do? And then sometimes women go on till they git bedfever, they call it peperal fever, now-days."

She says, says she, "All that comes long side o' baby rash and other things what come to babies and women when people ain't clean. If ye jist read the Bible and see what Moses taught the chillun of Isrul yu'd know that most all the trouble comes from bein' dirty. If everybody 'ud jist be clean inside and out, downside and up, there 'ud be a whole lot of less sickness an' doct'rin'."

"Say," I ast her, "what's this here clean stunt they call 'ceptic clean?"

"Oh," she says, says she, "that means getting all the dirt out from under your finger nails, and from the rough places in your hands, and every scrap of dandruff out yer hair. If ye jist take a little sugar and rub over your hands and then wash them in pritty nigh biling hot water, you will have them 'ceptionally clean."

I says, says I, "Well, that's wuth knowin'. I will try that sugar business, if sugar don't go up to $16 a pound. But what you got all this kick on for about the doctors?" says I, and then she flared up and she says, says she, "Don't you know what they've done jist lately? Don't you know they got a medical pool, which ain't a bathing place, but some kind of a close-mouthed crowd where they all git together and decide to skin the other feller; and these yere doctors have raised the price in that 'r pool to $35 a baby. Get on to that, will you? And here's my son Jim's wife jist goin' to have her second baby in twenty months, and they been livin' on bread and taters for a year to save 'nough out o' their $60 a month wages to pay for the first baby and for Jim's tonsils bein' yanked out, and his nose bored into at $40 per. Jim says fatherhood comes high, and I guess unless their religion comes in to hol' 'em level, there wun't be many more $35 babies in that house."

Then I says, says I, "Well, that is some charge, ain't it? 'Pears to me like we'll have to get up some kind o' a boycott on the doctors, and git 'em on the run by sendin' up more o' our women to study how to be midwives in the Relief Society Nurse School."

"Yes," she says, says she, "me for the nurse course, next fall, in Salt Lake City, providin' and supposin' the doctors don't continue to boycott the midwives and make o' 'em hisses and bywords."

With that she took her cup, and I called over the fence—"Don't use all your sugar to clean your hands with, 'cause it's risin' right now, out o' sight."

Betty Morgan's Dilemma.

Ruth Moench Bell.

"What's the matter now?" Mayor Jones looked up apprehensively when his mother, white and breathless, rushed into his office.

"One of Betty Morgan's boys has been taken to the juvenile court," Mrs. Jones explained in one breath, as she sank into the chair her son set out for her.

"Betty Morgan's boys?" the mayor puzzled. "Why, the youngest of them is six feet in his stockings and considerably beyond juvenile court jurisdiction."

"I don't mean her sons or her grandsons," Mrs. Jones explained. "She has been lettting the neighbor children come in for a story hour once or twice a week, telling them about the great musicians, and playing their compositions for them, till the children are all on fire to do something themselves. Little Jimmy Walker was selling gunny sacks to get the money to buy a violin. I suppose he found a sack in somebody's back-yard and took it, thinking it was no use; and they have stirred up a fuss and had him arrested. Well, I'm sure I can't see anything to laugh about." Mrs. Jones expostulated as the Mayor sat back in his chair and rocked with laughter. "Betty is almost sick over it, and the boy and his parents are broken-hearted about the disgrace."

Mayor Jones quit laughing long enough to say: "Haven't you grandmothers had trouble enough with the young scalawags you've reared without taking another bunch on your hands to worry over?"

"It hasn't been a worry," Mrs. Jones defended. "Betty has had the most interesting kind of a time with those eager youngsters. And they are all saving their pennies and chopping wood for neighbors and selling papers and staying away from picture shows to save the dimes so they can buy them some instruments and have a juvenile band and a young people's orchestra."

"Why not a symphony orchestra and a grand opera company?" the mayor laughed. "It would be just as reasonable."

"Well, why not?" his mother answered seriously. "I hope some day we shall have both."

"Why, it would take those children ten years to accumulate enough dimes and pennies to buy the instruments alone for their juvenile band."

"That's the pathetic part of it," Mrs. Jones admitted. "And it would mean so much to them if they could only have it. And

there is Arthur Halgrave, with all his talent, driving a dray for a living. He hasn't had a bit of substantial encouragement since he returned from his studies in Boston. A juvenile band that might grow into a big, fine band is the dream of his life. Half the money this town spends on picture shows, if spent on listening to our own children's concerts would pay for the instruments and instructions and give the young people some encouragement to develop their God-given talents."

"Hear, hear!" the Mayor cried, delightedly; "why, mother, you are getting eloquent."

"I feel eloquent, or indignant, or something, when I see those enthusiastic boys and girls yearning to do something themselves instead of merely listening to or about somebody else. Why can't we have 'Made in Utah' our slogan for amusements as well as anything else? We wouldn't need juvenile courts if we had juvenile bands and such interests to keep the young folks busy and happy and aspiring. It was some such ideal as this that President Brigham Young was trying to establish in the old pioneer days. Think of the home theatricals and the joy they gave."

"I believe you are right, Mother." Mayor Jones had grown suddenly serious. "Evil is generally misdirected energy, or misunderstood motives, or lack of healthy, happy occupation."

Mayor Jones rose from his chair. "I suppose you want me to go over and explain to the judge?" he asked as he got into his coat. "But that will not be necessary. I'll telephone over. What I am going to do is take up the matter of your suggestions with the city council. They are in session now. I shall suggest a mass meeting of the people, and see if we cannot help Betty Morgan out in her ambitious enterprise."

Mrs. Jones caught her boy's hand and pressed it to her cheek. "Tom," she cried, "you are the dearest boy a mother ever had, even if you are mayor. You can depend on the Relief Society to do all it can to help out."

"Help out," the Mayor exclaimed warmly. "You are the whole thing. What you women have been doing for yourselves has been the inspiration of this town. And now you have started an enterprise that is going to mean more for North Hammond than anything we have ever attempted. Why shouldn't this town have a symphony orchestra, and a grand opera company, and a band that would be the pride of the state? A juvenile band is the beginning. And stranger things than these have grown from smaller beginnings. It will all take time, but it is not impossible. You need the town behind you, and I think I can promise it."

And the mayor was right. North Hammond got behind the enterprise the grandmothers had launched, and gave it a

boost that sent it rolling. Cornets, cellos, violins, flutes, made their initial wailings and screechings all over town. And when the first concert was given, the hall wouldn't hold the throng of eager, proud, parents and citizens.

But the proudest moment of all to the grandmothers was when the mayor, at the close of the concert, arose and addressed the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he proclaimed with enthusiasm, "whatever keeps the soul part of us alive is vastly worth while. Long have the Relief Society relieved temporal wants and administered comfort, both spiritual and physical. But it remained for the grandmothers, who comprise the major part of the Relief Society of North Hammond, to do more than that. At an age when most people quit growing and advancing, they have suddenly shown that age is no bar to learning.

"They have not only done this for themselves, but they have started others, the young people, to develop the soul part of themselves, and at the same time give us the opportunity to get acquainted with the rich music the masters have composed, music that has been a closed avenue of delight to North Hammond till now.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I propose a toast: 'The Grandmothers of North Hammond, the grandest grandmothers the world ever knew.'"

And the toast was cheered to the echo.

THE PEASANT MOTHER.

By Maud Baggarley.

Woman of the Field, whose breasts hath fed
Thy numerous young,
While thy uncreamed, sinewy hands
(Not thy mute tongue)
Have pæans sung!
Since labor is itself a song of praise—
And a reproach through endless days
Pale lily-fingered ease—
Thou art the seedtime and the harvest of the Earth
For in thee is the World renewed and given birth.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

There are many links to keep bright and strong in the chain of life, if one is to preserve both health and happiness. One that we are far too apt to forget in our complex modern civilization, though we bear a very close relation to it, is the link which binds us to the soil. I have come to believe that no person can be wholly sane and hale who does not, from time to time, handle a spade and hoe. Unless we get back close to the heart of the earth, and watch green things grow up from the very soil from which we came, and to which we return again, we shall never quite see that the earth is "good," as God saw it when he first created it for man. There is a side of one's nature lost, unless we plunge our hands into the earth on which we live, and come to understand nature at first hand. Unless we cover up seeds and bulbs, and set out tiny green shoots, having an interest in watching things develop and grow, in the season thereof, we miss nature's freshest greetings. If it is but a window-box of soil, and a few small plants that we cultivate, there is health of body and sanity of mind to be gained by keeping up one's natural relation to earth. If we are irritable and cross, and wish to forget our cares and become rested and free from some particular worry which seems almost to overpower us, let us go out into the garden, select a small space, spade and rake, and plant a few choice vegetables or flower seeds. Then each day, watch them grow anad develop. In doing this, we will overcome the dangerous and useless habit of worry; and it will create in us a greater interest in life itself. It will broaden our knowledge of plant life, and give us a keener appreciation for the best things in the days as they come and go. Whoever heard of a woman having nervous prostration who worked daily in a flower garden? Monotony and "grind" steal much of our happiness. It is an old delusion that life is all pain and grief. We find joy in all of life, if we search for it.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

It is always best to be exceedingly suspicious of any good cuts of pieces of meat which are marked down to an unusually low price. It seldom pays to risk an attack of ptomaine poisoning for the sake of saving a few cents.

The pluck of all animals—the kidney, liver, tongue, and heart—should be purchased only after careful inspection. If the

liver has any dark spots in it, it is not healthy food to eat. It should be bright and free from blemishes. Dark beef liver will be found strongly flavored and tough. The kidneys, also, if diseased, will contain spots and look cloudy.

Poultry.—In selecting poultry, choose the birds whose eyes are full and bright. The joints must not be stiff nor flabby; the skin should be thin and tender, so that it may be easily torn with a pin, the breast and bone pliable and yielding easily to pressure, the feet soft and moist. The neck, crop, and abdomen show the first signs of decomposition in any kind of fowl.

Vegetables.—Never buy cucumbers, turnips, nor carrots which are not firm to the touch, nor lettuce which shows any trace of rush red look, as this denotes long keeping. String-beans should not have a faded look or any limpness when broken, nor should peas have any other than crisp and plump pods.

Green Corn.—In green corn the ferment present begins immediately to destroy the contained sugar, after it is pulled, and it loses its sweetness and becomes a dead vegetable, and it cannot be freshened by soaking in cold water, as some housewives seem to think.

The Agricultural College especially recommends the ox-heart carrot for all-around use. The carrot is very rich in iron.

Rhubarb or Pieplant.—The delicious and cleansing qualities of this earliest of spring fruits and tonics is universally acknowledged. But many fail to grow it, and most cooks spoil it in preparing it. When it is young, brittle and pink skinned, it should not be stripped, as the skin not only adds a delicate coloring, but gives its own valuable toning qualities. After the stalks get old enough to peel, they have lost their first value and deliciousness. Rhubarb should be bottled for winter use while young and succulent.

To Cook Rhubarb.—Cut in inch pieces, after washing it well, put it in a tightly closed saucepan with a cup of sugar to one pound of fruit. Put no water with it—not a spoonful—and set it over a slow heat for a moment, then boil up five minutes. If young and tender it will cook in that time, or less. Don't overcook. If the stalks are tender at the base and tougher above, cut off the tender bits and set them aside. Cook separately, or lay them on top of the tougher pieces in the saucepan, so they do not get the direct heat of the fire. Some people steam rhubarb. It is delicious placed in a glass casserole—always without water—and baked for ten minutes in the oven. The stringy, sloppy, sharply acid mass served on some tables is a culinary disgrace.

A Prince of Ur.

By Homespun.

As Abram reached the small door which led from his tower into the courtyard, he heard a sudden pounding upon his door. He listened intently and caught the distinct whistle which was the accepted signal. Instantly he undid the bars. It was Javanu.

"My master, the servants and slaves of this palace have refused to go out into the groves for this night's rendevous. Most of them have fled to the Ziggarut, and this palace is near deserted even of soldiers."

"And where is Lot?"

"He hath gone to draw the shepherd dukes and their soldiery into the confines of the Ziggarut to be ready for thy coming."

"And Mardan?"

"Alas, none know where the arch-traitor hath fled. But all is confusion in these walls. Dost know that Azzi-jaami hath perished by the wiles of his wicked wife? He lies silent at the foot of his own throne."

"And the women?"

"Iscah hath hath fled none know whither. Nahor hath taken the little brides Milcah and Irit, who is to wed Lot this day or next, if life is left to any of us. Master, we perish if thou dost not come forth and bind up our scattered forces. Why not flee at once—"

"Am I not here on my honor? And see you yon platoon of silent Nubian soldiers in that distant gateway? Nimrod would not leave my life to chance escape, be sure of that. My father's slaves and retainers may depart, for they have been left to gradual mutiny under the traitor Mardan, these ten years, while we all were distant far from here. But Nimrod knows the worth of my life."

"What shall we do?"

"Tell me, where is Sarai?"

"She is within her own gardens, master, for not long since I saw her through the lattice moving in her porches."

A confusion of voices without the portal caused the two whisperers to listen intently.

"Creep quietly," hissed a voice outside. "Bring thy fellows, and be sure they have the bandages and scarfs to muffle her cries."

"And her damsels?"

"Who stays for shrieking damsels? This place is now in mine

own charge. Post thy men at convenient places. Line the gateways. Heed not the cry or call of anyone save only when thou hearest mine own voice."

It was the guarded voice of Mardan, speaking to a company of Assyrian soldiers, fresh from Nimrod's armies. Javanu caught the sleeve of Abram and quivered with both wrath and apprehension.

The voices died away as the soldiers crept silently forward to steal into the women's quarters.

Even as they stood, muffled beating on the small gate-panels caused Abram to thrust his ear down to the latch.

A soft sound of sobbing caught his ear. Like a flash he threw open the door and as he undid its fastenings the princess Sarai caught his hands and he drew her swiftly within.

"The soldiers—they are after thee—"

"Javanu, quick! Run up for Eleizer. He is in the tower observatory. Bring him with thee. On the second terrace, undo the door of the inner room—bring down the weapons. Go quickly."

The figure beside him was breathing in great gasps of fear or excitement.

"Sarai, tell me—"

She felt the throbbing intensity of his tone, and paralyzed with fear as she was, her pulses flew like quicksilver in her veins. She had never heard that tone in Abram's voice in all her life before. And though the destruction of the world was just before them, Sarai was swinging in space with only that sound between her and oblivion. She bowed her face on her hands.

The motion caught the instant attention of the prince, and he drew slightly away from her present nearness. In the faint light he could see the bowed attitude of the lovely presence beside him. Was it fear—or anxiety for Mardan—did she know of that vile wretch's treachery?

"Thou hast come—my princess—"

"The palace is deserted. Mine own serving-maidens only remain. Just now, they bade me flee to thee for direction and help for all this stricken household."

"Camest thou only for help?"

His great form shook from turbaned head to sandalled feet with the violence of his temptestuous emotions, but he ventured not to touch even the sleeve of her abaya.

"The very universe is sinking with fear about us, my lord—and I—"

"Yes, and thou?"

His own soul was caught up on the high mountain of human desire and though the stars halted in their course, he would know the truth. Life without Sarai from this moment was unthink

able. Her presence was wine—her breath exhaled a subtle incense which overpowered men of all degree. And he—why he had wreamed of this moment all of his mature life. He would hold the very sun in space till she had spoken her will in his ear.

"Mardan"—she whispered affrightedly, "he hath turned traitor—he hath corrupted half the palace and his minions are filling every hall and court—save only mine own. I fear for his next move."

"Yes—my princess—yes—"

"The Petesi is not here—we are alone—we women—hast thou heard me, lord Abram?"

"I hear thee—princess—and I need thee as the sun needs the bounteous earth—to blossom and to bring forth. I suffer in my soul—just to see thee and—"

With a low cry Sarai was on his bosom, clinging to his pillard neck with wild abandon. Her prince—her lord—she was not deceived—this was life—not death and transportation to the realms of light—

Whether it were a moment or an eternity, they clung to each other while the river of life swept them out into the eternal channel of oneness with God and creation.

The rush of footsteps down the tower stairs was no less startling to their absorption than was the sudden clanging of swords without and the screams and piteous cries of damsels who were struggling with the ruffians in the outer courtyard.

"Quick, my princess. Up the stairs. On the upper terrance, thou canst bolt the door behind thee in my tower room. No one will find thee there. When the noise subsides—dost heed me—my beloved—come thou down, gather thy serving women—and good Javanu will lead thee and thine to the rendezvous without the gates of the city. Dost hear—and heed—"

For the distracted girl was weeping on his breast, and he had to catch her arms and draw them to her side—

"Nay—princess—queen—where is thy courage—"

Instantly, she sprang from his grasp—and with but a little sobbing smile at him she flew up the stairs, whispering bravely over her shoulder as she ran—

"Fear not for me, my lord. I have thy love—I shall not forget thy wise directions—I shall be safe without the walls—"

Fearing lest the soldiers should break his door and thus further endanger Sarai, the prince opened it a little, holding his toe in the crack and from this vantage point he seized a weapon from Eleizer, and then flinging wider the door he laid upon the congested mass of struggling soldiery with such fierceness that after ten minutes' charge they fell, blocking the passage way with the dead bodies which heaped up into a huge protecting mound.

"Now, shut and bar the door when I go without, Javanu—

dost hear?" Abram spoke in his own tongue, lest the Assyrian soldiers hear his words. "Eleizer and I shall stay without. But thou must guard the treasures of this sanctuary."

Bewildered and off their guard with the onrush of Abram's powerful sword thrusts, as he and Eleizer flung themselves headlong without the doorway, the disorderly mass scarce knew whom they were striking or why.

Abram drew farther and farther from his own gateway.

Eleizer at once perceived his master's strategy, and swept beside him till they had drawn the soldiers far away from the tower entrance.

"I shall give myself up, Eleizer," he panted, "I shall be quite as safe in the Ziggarut as here, and our treasure will be safer if I am gone."

The fighting, struggling mass worked gradually down to the outer courtyard. Abram allowed them to take his sword.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Nimrod sat restless upon his newly-erected golden throne, in the pillared and lofty lower halls of the Ziggarut of Ur. He had been worshipped with abject submission and in some cases, genuine admiration, by the small army of priests who dwelt in the colleges and Temple courts. They had washed the feet of their high priest with perfumes of Elam, they had anointed his head with ointments of precious Babylonian ungents. They had opened their most sacred stores of incense wherewith to burn in the sacred vessels before himself, as the living embodiment of all their gods to which in his absence they bowed down with slavish devotion. The few were in transports of joy at his presence from very exaltation of religious frenzy—the many—ah the worldly wise hypocrites amongst the ungodly—these were filled with selfish delight that this formal visit of their god-ruler would fasten forever their priestly yoke upon the burdened shoulders of the "stinking multitude," in the province and city of Ur.

The great hall where Nimrod sat that evening before the rigorous Sabbath, was richly decorated with sculptured dados, the bas-reliefs painted in brilliant colors. There were ivory and golden chairs, tables and divans; the bases of bronze, gold, silver, and alabaster held riotous blooms. The walls were tilted and emblazoned with all the cunning arts and glowing richness possible to Assyrian or Semmitic invention. Here and there the walls were hung and the couches were covered with such costly tapestries that even Nimrod glanced with sensuous delight upon their woven glories. The figures of men, of flowers and of animals, especially the royal lions of Assyria, were boldly outlined or delicately limned in the exquisite textures of the curtains around the walls, the coverings of the couches and the rugs piled under his feet.

"Must have cost these rapacious priests a full four millions sesterces"—he muttered in his heavy curling beard, as he cast his eyes about him while the slaves of the temple were lighting up the myriads of lamps which stood about in their golden bowls high up on their covered and twisted alabaster and silver pedestalsfl

"Teak wood must be common in Ur," he said aloud to an attendant who was facing him as he turned to view the lovely carved teak-wood taborets which were scattered at intervals side by side with the inlaid ivory couches and chairs. Soldier, hunter, and ruffian though he was, he loved beauty and was a liberal patron of the arts.

"Who hath fashioned all these finely wrought pieces?" he asked of his vizier, in the Assyrian tongue, his Rab-saki.

"The master artist, Azi-jaami."

"Who is Azi-jaami?"

"He is the master designer of your servant Terah, the Petesi of this great city."

"Ah, I remember. His daughters are to be offered on the sacred altar of dedication at midnight, so?"

"The lord of the earth hath spoken it."

The thought recalled at once the cause of his brutal restlessness.

"Where are my sorcerers? Where is Mardan? He hath promised to bring me the princess Sarai. Why dare he tarry?"

Instantly the vizier clapped his hands, for he saw the gathering storm on his master's brows, and he must avert the explosion at any cost.

"See, thou lord of the earth, thy slaves are approaching."

Instantly a long procession of slaves, bearing woven silver threaded baskets of ripe dates, others with richly wrought golden baskets of figs, or of pomegranates, of apples and of luscious grapes, all arranged with artistic care upon their gleaming gold or silver slavers and baskets approached Nimrod.

"Behold, my master—" and the eyes of Nimrod were turned to see the very picture of what was taking place emblazoned in gold artistry on the lofty friezes of the royal audience hall. Nimrod was delighted.

"Who is this fellow, Azzi-jaami? Shall not Nimrod retain him as court artificer?'

"The honor would be great to a hireling—" whispered the jealous vizier. The whims of kings were very uncertain moorings for men.

"Where is Mardan?" roared the monarch, diverted but for a moment by the wiles of si chief Rab-saki.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Amy Brown Lyman.

RELIEF SOCIETY STAKE CONFERENCE FOR 1916.

The Relief Society stake conferences appointed for May, June, and July will be held in connection with the stake quarterly conferences, while those appointed for November will be held independently.

Conference Dates.

May 6th and 7th—South Sanpete, Curlew, Summit, Taylor, San Louis, Boise, St. Johns.

May 13th and 14th—Wayne, Emery, Millard, Juab, Alberta, Snowflake.

May 20th and 21st—Young, Blackfoot, Bannock, Teton, Bingham, Malad, Maricopa.

May 27th and 28th—Portneuf, St. Joseph, Big Horn, Pocatello, Shelley, Panguitch, Uintah.

June 3rd and 4th—Kanab, Rigby, Morgan, San Juan, Oneida.

June 17th and 18th—St. George, No. Sanpete, Fremont, Tooele, Union, Moapa, Star Valley.

June 24th and 25th—Duchesne, Parowan, Sevier, Deseret, Bear Lake.

July 22nd and 23rd—Benson, Beaver, Hyrum, Raft River.

July 29th and 30th—Wasatch, Woodruff, Yellowstone, Cassia.

November. (Dates to be arranged later.)

Alpine, Bear River, Box Elder, Cache, Carbon, Cottonwood, Davis, Ensign, Granite, Jordan, Liberty, Nebo, No. Davis, No. Weber, Ogden, Pioneer, Salt Lake, Summit, Utah, Weber.

PROGRAM.

For stakes holding conferences in connection with quarterly conferences.

First Session. OFFICERS' MEETING.
Saturday, 4:30 p. m.

Report by stake president.

Lesson work. Discussion led by member of General Board.

Second Session. OFFICERS' MEETING.
Sunday, 9:00 to 10:30 a. m.

Ward problems by ward presidents.

Relief Society Activities—General Board representatives.

Third Session. Public Session, Sunday, 10:30 a. m.

Conjoint meeting of Relief Society and Primary Association. Time to be divided between the two organizations, under the direction of the stake authorities.

ITEMS FROM ANNUAL REPORT OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY.

That the Relief Society is growing, and is extending its already broad scope of work, will be shown from the following figures, taken from the Secretary's Annual Report for 1915:

Paid for charitable purposes	$56,967.31
Days spent with the sick	22,797
Special visits to sick	78,500
Families helped	6,516
Bodies prepared for burial	2,054
Burial clothing prepared	1,646
Number of visits by Stake Officers	4,722
Number of days spent in Temple work	16,889
Assistance to missionaries	$ 2,711.59
Funds raised from special work	13,311.74

STATISTICAL REPORT (INCLUDING MISSIONS.)

Membership January 1, 1915:	
Officers	5,245
Teachers	11,964
Members	20,703
Total	37,912
Admitted to membership during year	7,164
Removed or resigned	3,316
Died	486
Membership December 31, 1915:	
Officers	5,971
Teachers	12,386
Members	22,917
Total (or present membership)	41,274
Number of meetings held	33,020
Average attendance	13,197
Number of Relief Society organizations	1,004
Number of magazines taken	8,409
Number of books in local libraries	5,479

The following is the Relief Society membership as reported from the missions:

	Officers	Teachers	Members	Total
California	63	88	237	388
Central States	43	61	150	254
Eastern States	18	1	51	70
Hawaiian			828	828
Northern States	77	31	161	269
Northwestern States	52	44	82	178
Southern States	55	12	135	202
European	652		1,494	2,146
Total	960	237	3,138	4,335

More detailed information is given in the following tables:

CALIFORNIA MISSION.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Binghampton, Arizona	36	San Pedro, California	8
Douglas, Arizona	30	San Francisco, California..	11
Gridley, California	59	San Bernardino, California.	10
Los Angeles, California....	47	St. David, Arizona	28
Long Beach, California....	20	San Diego, California	26
Liberty, California	26	Whitewater, Arizona	17
Miramonte, Arizona	16		
Oakland, California	22	Total	388
Pomerene, Arizona	32		

CENTRAL STATES MISSION.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Independence, Mo.	18	Jozye, Texas	21
Sharon	10	St. Louis, Mo.	17
Kansas City, Mo.....	20	Three additional branches..	36
Todd, Texas	10		
Enoch	27	Total	254
Kelsey, Texas	95		

EASTERN STATES MISSION.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Brooklyn, N. Y.....	16	Philadelphia, Pa.	17
Baltimore, Md.	15		
Toronto, Canada	10	Total	70
Lynn, Mass.	12		

HAWAIIAN MISSION.

	Members.
29 Branches	828

NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Logan Square, Chicago....	32	Indianapolis, Indiana	16
Roseland, Chicago	21	Munice, Indiana	10
University, Chicago	25	Evansville, Ill.	16
Detroit, Michigan	11	Winnepeg, Canada	22
Grand Rapids, Michigan...	6	Minneapolis, Minn.	18
Flint, Michigan	13	St. Paul, Minn.....	11
Springfield, Ill.	15	Milwaukee, Wis.	25
Bloomington, Ill.	15		
Peoria, Ill.	13	Total	269

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSISON.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Lents, Oregon	17	Tacoma, Wash.	15
Portland, Oregon	39	Butte, Montana	25
Pendleton, Oregon	12	Helena, Montana	8
Anaconda, Montana	26	Valier, Montana	6
Spokane, Washington	14		
Seattle, Wash.	16	Total	178

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION.

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Cincinnati, Ohio	13	Jacksonville, Fla.	36
Dayton, Ohio	6	Memphis, Tenn.	14
Darbun, Miss.	26	Chattanooga, Tenn.	8
Quiteman, Miss.	6	Mount Airy, N. C.	9
Atlanta, Ga.	10	Gilreath, N. C.	9
Buchanan, Ga.	16	Columbia, S. C.	12
Greenville, S. C.	20	Gaffney, S. C.	17
		Total	182

EUROPEAN MISSION.

(British Conferences.)

Name of Branch.	Members.	Name of Branch.	Members.
Birmingham	84	New Castle	75
Hull	63	Norwich	24
Irish	7	Nottingham	92
Leeds	134	Scottish	32
Liverpool	88	Sheffield	9
London	61		
Manchester	62	Total	731

(Continental Conferences.)

Netherlands	172	Swedish	256
Scandinavian	460	Swiss and German	527
		European Mission Total	2,146

Magazines.

As there was such a slight response to our appeal last month, for the January, February, and March, 1916, numbers of the MAGAZINE, we again announce our desire to purchase about 200 of each of these numbers at the rate of 10 cents per copy.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Charlotte Ellen Eyre Ellsworth, Secretary of the Woodruff Stake Relief Society, passed away on February 4, 1916. Mrs. Ellsworth was born November 21, 1876 at Greenville, Utah, and was married in 1897 to George A. Ellsworth of Payson. In 1902, the family moved to Lyman, Wyoming, where they have since resided. Mrs. Ellsworth was a woman of rare virtues, and exceptional gifts. She was a willing and helpful worker in the community in which she lived, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. During her whole life, she was actively identified with the various auxiliary organizations of the Church, and on May 7, 1911, she was appointed Secretary of the Woodruff Stake, a position she filled with credit and honor.

Goodby, California Congress, Goodby.

This office is in receipt of a letter from Mr. James A. Barr, Director of Congresses in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which is in the nature of an unofficial goodby. There is enclosed in the letter some final facts concerning the Congress program. Mr. Barr himself embodied the progressiveness, the courtesy, the supreme efficiency, and the wise leadership which made of the mammoth California undertaking a marvel of perfected organization. He was like the electric current which ran through every artery of the great exposition—silent in service, instant in action, and brilliant in effulgence. Such men will be utilized in the eternities. Mr. Barr's letter reads:

"The Congress program was especially notable because of the extraordinary participation by women. Of the 928 Congresses, Conferences and Conventions held under the auspices of the Exposition, 114 were composed entirely of women. These many gatherings showed the tremendous progress made by women during the recent years and especially during the eleven years since the St. Louis Exposition."

We learn from the circular the following:

"Seldom a day passed without its convention, while as many as forty conventions were in session on the same day. The attendance ranged from twenty-five to fifteen thousand. There was an average of ten convention sessions daily for the 288 days of the Exposition period. The 928 gatherings held in or near San Francisco were in session for a total of 2,927 days, representing a period of eight years. It is estimated that the 5,854 half-day sessions were attended by a total of 1,756,000 people.

Following summary shows the diversity of interests in the gatherings:

Agricultural and Horticultural	36
Business and Commercial	75
Educational	172
Genealogical	28
Governmental and Civic	69
Historical and Literary	10
Industrial	28
Labor	21
Musical	9
Press	10
Religious	79
Scientific	56
Social Service	56

Crocheted Yoke.

Isabel Whitney Sears.

Wouldn't you like to know how to fashion the charming yoke here pictured? Then follow directions carefully:

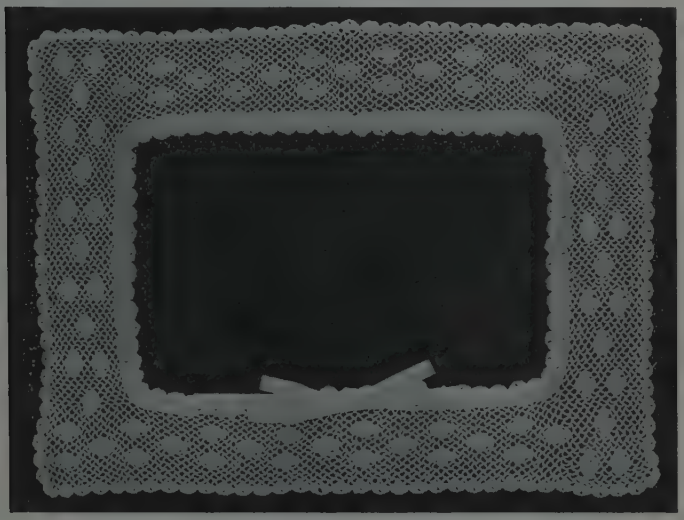
Stitches Used.

Chain stitch (ch.): Catch cotton with hook, making a loop, draw cotton with the hook through this loop which makes the first stitch. Repeat, draw through as many loops as wanted, each loop is termed a chain stitch.

Slip stitch (sl. st.): Put hook through the work thread over the work, draw it through the stitch on the hook.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having stitch on hook put hook through work, and draw thread through, making two stitches on hook, thread over hook and draw through both stitches.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Having stitch on hook, put thread over hook, put hook through work and draw thread through, making three stitches on hook, put thread over hook, draw through two stitches, put thread over hook, and draw through the two remaining stitches.



Chain 47.

First row: turn and put hook into 7th st. with s. c., chain 4 skip 3 ch. put hook in 4th st. with s. c. to end of chain, making 11 loops.

Second row: chain 6 turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4 fasten into next loop with s. c., continue to end of row.

Third row: ch. 6 turn, make five loops, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, then ch. 4 fasten into next loop with s. c., continue to end of row.

Fourth row: ch. 6 turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4 fasten into next loop until you have 4 loops, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch, 2, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4 and make loops to end of row.

Fifth row: ch. 6 turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4 fasten into each loop until you have 5 loops, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4 fasten into next loop with s. c. to end.

Sixth row: ch. 6 turn and make five rows of loops.

Eleventh row: ch. 6 turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4 and make 2 more loops, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, make 3 loops of 4 ch, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4 and make loops to end of row.

Twelfth row: ch. 6, turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4 fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 2, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 2, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4, fasten into next loop to end of row.

Thirteenth row: ch. 6, turn, fasten into first loop with s. c., ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4 fasten into next loop, ch. 4, fasten into next loop, ch. 4, 7 t. c. into next loop, pull loop of last t. c. through first one so as to puff up, ch. 4, fasten into next loop with s. c., ch. 4, fasten into next loop, ch. 4, fasten into next loop. Repeat until you have 15 rows of puffs, then make two rows of plain loops. This finishes the front.

For shoulder: ch. 6, turn and fasten into first loop on upper side of front with s. c., beginning with two puffs on first row. Continue until you have 11 rows of puffs, then make two rows of plain loops. This finishes the shoulder.

For back: ch. 6, turn, fasten into first loop on inside of shoulder, beginning with one puff, continue until you have 13 rows of puffs, then make 2 rows of plain loops. This finishes back.

For shoulder: ch. 6, turn, fasten into first loop on upper side of back beginning with two puffs, make 9 rows of puffs, the last row catch each loop to the front. This finishes the yoke.

For outer edge of yoke: 3 t. c. into loop, ch, 2, 3 t. c. into same loop, fasten with s. c. into next loop, 3 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 3 t. c. into same loop, fasten with s. c. into next loop. Continue all round outer edge.

For inner edge: make beading by making 2 t. c. into first loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into next loop, ch. 2, 2 t. c. into next loop to place of beginning, fasten with sl. st.

Second row: 4 t. c. into 2 ch., ch. 2, 4 t. c. into same 2 ch., 1 s. c. into next 2 ch., 4 t. c. into next, 2 ch., ch. 2, 4 t. c. into same, 1 s. c. into next 2 ch. Continue to end and fasten to beginning with sl. st.

Use No. 50 Royal Society Cotton and No. 14 hook. It will take two balls of cotton for this pattern.

THE FLOWERS' RESURRECTION.

Hazel Washburn.

The herald of the spring again comes forth
To call the flowers sleeping deep in earth.
And as each hears the call,
Slips off its russet shroud,
Bursts through the gripping bonds of coffin and of clod,
Bedecks itself in nature's bright array,
And hastens to that fragrant resurrection day.

If spring is nature's resurrection day,
And God doth work on natural principles, they say,
Then sometime, somewhere, the immortal souls of men
Must burst the bonds of death and rise from dust again.
And haste to meet their loved ones,
Bedecked in white array.
And sing their Maker's praises for a resurrection day.

This lesson then kind Nature taught to me;
God works his wonders in simplicity.
And He who hears the linnet's song or notes the sparrow's fall,
Who calls the flowers forth, can never fail to call
My loved ones sleeping 'neath the cold, dark sod,
Back to greener pastures, the kingdom of their God.

KIRTLAND, SAN JUAN CO., NEW MEXICO.

Query Box.

Hazel Love Dunford.

The question has been asked, "How can children best be taught not to be wasteful?—Mrs. E. C., Salt Lake City.

When children are very small they should be taught not to leave food on their plates; if they do not want it, do not force them to eat it, but see that the next meal brings the left-over food before them. If one is persistent in this particular, soon the child will learn to judge just the exact amount that will be eaten. A child should be taught to take care of his toys and not be wasteful with them. Arrange to have a place for his playthings and then require him to put his many things in order. There is no better way to teach this important thing than by example.

Will you please tell me what the "citrus fruits" are and name some of them?—L. M. T., Ephraim, Utah.

These fruits belong to the same family as the citron and are especially useful in the diet. In the group there is the pomels or grapefruit, the orange, lemon, lime and kumquats.

Will you kindly send me full information of how to knit a stocking size 9?—Subscriber.

The number of stitches depends on the yarn used. For Spanish yarn 24 stitches on each of three needles is sufficient. Knit until stocking is long enough to reach the calf of the leg, ribbing a few inches at the top if desired, and making one seam stitch all the way down. Knit to three stitches from seam, narrow, knit one, seam, knit one, narrow, knit five rounds, narrow as before, knit five rounds, narrow, knit four rounds, narrow; knit four rounds, narrow. Knit four inches. For the heel: Count stitches all around, put half on same needle as seam stitch, with seam stitch exactly in center. Knit once across needle, turn, knit across with seam stitch for the inside, alternate until a straight piece three inches long has been made. To turn the heel: *1st method,* knit to three stitches from seam, narrow, seam, knit one, narrow, knit one, turn. Knit to first narrowing, narrow again, taking together the two stitches which were wider apart than the rest. Knit one, turn, knit to two wide apart stitches, and then knit together; repeat until you are knitting the entire row. *2nd method,* knit to about five stitches past center, narrow, knit one, turn. Knit to five past center, narrow, turn. Repeat until only the 11 center stitches are left. When knitting with only two needles always use the seam stitch on the inside to make it match the rest. The seam stitch in the leg and heel is for convenience in marking the center and may be omitted if

desired. Toe take off the heel: Pick up the stitches along the edge of the heel, knitting each one as it is picked up. Rearrange stitches on needle so that the middle stitch of one needle is half way around from middle stitch of heel. On each side of this stitch put one-sixth of the total stitches that were on a round before the heel was started, leaving the remainder equally distributed between the other two needles. On each row knitted, narrow on the two back needles, four stitches from the front needle or needle on top of the foot and continue narrowing until all needles have same number of stitches. Knit until foot is about 6½ inches long. To narrow the toe, narrow once on each end of each needle, four stitches from end; knit four rounds. Repeat four times. Narrow three stitches from end and three rounds between, repeating three times; two stitches from end and two rounds between, twice. Then narrow one stitch from end, on every round until only three stitches are left on each needle. Slip all stitches on two needles as evenly divided as possible. The two needles will then lie flat side by side. Knit two stitches (one from each needle) together, all the way across, all the time slipping the first stitch made in this way over the second, so that at the last you have only one stitch left. Pull the end of the yarn through this stitch, and with a darning needle sew the yarn firmly down into the goods.—ELLEN BRENTNOR.

It is perfectly astonishing to me, that some parents, teachers and periodicals, make the claim that it is old-fashioned and should be done away with, for children to say: Sir! Ma'am! Yes sir! No sir! Yes Ma'm! No Ma'am! (The latter pronounced as Madam, leaving the "d" out.) Can it be called a fashion at all? Is it not one of the most important civilities in life, which all children should observe, and which should continue in use as long as the world stands? What will more quickly, and effectually, make heathens of our children, and destroy in them proper respect for all grown people, than if they are allowed to answer parents, white-haired grandparents, the Bishop, the Governor—with: What! Huh! Yep! Nope! You bet! I did not! Now you're whistlin'! etc., et. It gives me a shudder of horror and apprehension.—ANXIOUS, MESA, ARIZONA.

From early infancy children should be taught to be polite and courteous, and this can be taught in no better way than in requiring them to speak properly to their elders. It is not always necessary that they say, "Yes Ma'am," and "No Sir," but by all means they should be taught to say something besides "Yes," and "No," and their equivalents. Yes, Mother, No, Lady, or What, Sir, Yes, Brother Jones, etc. These little civilities once thoroughly learned in youth will be of benefit to a child all his life, and is always a mark of good breeding.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

China is again a republic, the attempt to re-establish the monarchy having failed.

Disarming of merchant vessels for defensive purposes, proposed by the United States, has been rejected by the European nations, as a new international arrangement.

The European war fronts, except the Russian advance in the Caucasus, are practically the same as a month ago. There has been fierce fighting, but few changes of position.

Economy in material in women's dress is urged by the government in Germany. In this part of the world, the limit of economy at least in quantity appears to have been reached.

German submarines continue to sink unarmed passenger ships, notwithstanding assurances from Germany that this policy would be abandoned. The international irritation against Germany consequently is increasing.

Mormon colonies in Mexico, which have been subjected to many impositions in the way of having property confiscated by rebels and bandits, particularly by those under the leadership of Francisco Villa, have been relieved from this trouble by the advance of the American punitive expedition into Northern Mexico.

Ogden City, Utah, had a large portion of its residence district flooded during several days in March, owing to the great rush of water from Ogden Canyon, and the blocking of the stream. Comparatively little damage was done.

Czar Nicholas of Russia addressed the Russian national Duma on Washington's birthday—the first occasion of the kind in Slavonic history. The world moves toward greater freedom for the masses of humankind, even in Russia, this action being a marked concession in that line.

Portugal seized thirty-six German and Austrian ships in Portugese harbors on Feb. 23, and Germany soon after declared war on that nation. The same day, Italy seized thirty-four German ships in Italian waters, but no declaration of war by Germany has come thus far for Italy.

PNEUMONIA causes ten percent of the deaths in the United States, or more than any other disease, is the statement in a recently issued government report, which also says that half the cases of pneumonia are easily prevented by ordinary care on the part of the individual.

VERDUN, in France, has been the scene this year of the greatest battle in history. Heavy fighting continued practically without intermission for more than six weeks from the middle of February, with the Teutonic forces of hundreds of thousands of men thrown against the French positions still unable to gain their purpose—an open road to Paris.

THREE FIRES in the United States in March caused immense damage. At Nashville, Tenn., 600 houses were burned, 5,000 people rendered homeless, and $1,500,000 in property destroyed; at Augusta, Ga., 600 houses, 3,000 homeless, and $5,000,000 property loss was registered; at Paris, Texas, 2,000 houses, 8,000 homeless, some fatalities, and $10,000,000 property loss is the record.

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH HOWELL, after years of persistent effort, has succeeded in having the Utah Indian war veterans of 1865-6 recognized by the government as entitled to pensions for regular service performed; and Senator Reed Smoot has been successful in having the qualifying term of service reduced from ninety days to thirty days.

ONE-STORY school buildings, constructed in a hollow square with playground in the center, and all classrooms opening outdoors, is the latest recommendation of sanitationists in schoolroom architecture. The new development certainly has an advantage over the old in the ventilation, light, cleanliness, and safety provided.

CONGRESS has practically agreed on a regular army of 140,000 men and a reserve force of 425,000 men, as a basis of the United States military arm in time of peace. This is an increase of about 700 per cent in the strength of the army as provided by law from the conditions of less than a year ago.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, on his return to the United States, prefers to discuss the guachara, a new nut-eating bird which he has discovered, rather than to talk politics. He says he will not engage in a scramble for the nomination for the presidency; but nevertheless he is far from being an unlikely candidate on the Republican ticket to be named in June. The other mentioned

candidates most probable are Elihu Root and Justice Hughes, against President Wilson on the Democratic ticket.

MEXICAN affairs are growing more vexatious with each month's development. Francisco Villa, the Mexican general, rebel, and bandit, made a raid on Columbus, N. M., with the purpose of provoking American intervention in Mexican affairs, and now a column of about 5,000 United States troops has pursued him about 250 miles into Mexico. The Carranza government of our southern neighbor gives effusive assurance of assistance to the American punitive expedition, but the aid rendered amounts to little, actually, and there is a strong prospect that Villa will find refuge in the almost inaccessible Sierra Madre canyons.

RUSSIA is nearing both the Mediterranean Sea and the Indian Ocean, since the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas captured the Turkish fortress of Erzerum. From this point one column of troops has advanced to the vicinity of Sivas, less than 200 miles north of Alexandretta, the Mediterranean Turkish port occupied by British and French forces. A second column has pushed forward from the Lake Van region to the valley of the Western Tigris south of Bitlis, and is less than 300 miles from Alexandretta. A third column from the Lake Urumiah district has pierced the passes of the Diyala, west of Kermanshah, and within 75 miles of Bagdad. A fourth column has made its way southward beyond Ispahan, to within 250 miles of the Persian Gulf. The success of the first two columns named makes it certain that no peace terms which can be arranged by Turkey will enable the latter to retain Palestine when the time for settlement comes. This latter district is practically cut off from Turkey by the Sivas-Alexandretta line, and it is only a question of Russian or of British and French occupation of the ancient land of Israel, unless there comes a disastrous defeat of the Entente allies on both the western and eastern fronts—an event far from probable in human prospect.

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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PAYING THE PRICE.

We pay for good work done. The work looks so tempting before us, if it is work we love to do, that we scarcely realize the price we pay when we have accomplished the task. The result will be so beautiful, so comely, so clean, so desirable, so altogether according to our own notions of how work ought to be done, that we crash into obstacles and climb over mountains of housework or brainwork without counting the cost. The house must be cleaned, the washing must be done, the dresses must be finished, the fruit must be put up, the lesson must be prepared, the visits must be paid. And so we go blindly on, overtaxed and stumbling. Nature will demand her price, sooner or later.

Ambition's Lure. There is some great object or ambition which we have had in mind that will mean so much, not only to us, perhaps, but to the community in which we live or, perchance, to the family which we love. And so, for uncountable hours, days and weeks, we strive and struggle, and collapse happily at the end, if only we have climbed the height and achieved the object of our ambition; but we pay the price. Nature demands the payment of her debt, every moment, every hour. She may exact her payment in the neg-

lected friendships, in the untidy homes, in the untaught children, or through the bankruptcy of our own nervous system, but be assured she will exact her toll.

Pleasure's Heavy debts. Some pleasure lures us—a trip to the coast, a journey to the East, a visit to the sacred temple, and the prospect itself is fascinating beyond degree and the plans we lay are rosy with promise. The imagination paints for us all the delights, all the pleasures, the profits and the joys of our undertaking, but only the wise know how to value these mirages on the desert of our fancy; for be it known to all women that every pleasure, every joy, every trip even, every visit to church or temple, demands from us its full price. Achievement is always a negotiable quantity. Whatever effort we put forth, we at once must exchange with nature her equivalent, whether she exacts it in wearied muscles, worn nerves, sudden illness, or disappointment when the object is gained. For every pleasure we must pay two pangs.

The Toll Gate of Salvation. Above all the struggles that humanity enters into, that supreme effort for spiritual supremacy which is couched in the word salvation, demands the highest payment in return. It is so easy to run down hill, so difficult to climb up, especially with the handicaps of disinclination, temptation and the burdens of human limitations. We must pay the price. Bless your soul, anybody that achieves anything, even if it is only a burglar who climbs in the window, pays the price for his daring, in his stunted character and in his degeneracy. Those who ride in automobiles, make their payment to life, a very much heavier toll indeed, than those who walk in the quiet paths in the meadow. Those who inhabit mansions bankrupt every resource of human nature in sustaining and maintaining the handicap of their palatial homes. While the men and women who become musicians, artists, professionals, those ,who enter business or who conduct enterprises; all those who preside in official positions, those who bear the pangs and pains of rejecting or accepting; of refusal or consent; of giving encouragement or administering reproof—these all pay heavy draughts for that which they accomplish. Every home-maker and every home-builder pays his price for his pleasure and his comforts, in proportion as it is great or small.

What debts shall we incur? How then shall we measure life values and deal only in such exchange as shall increase our mental and spiritual resources, while robbing no other soul of just due? Through choosing always the difficult, unselfish things to do, climbing hard paths

of self-control and of devotion to community duties. By measuring ourselves wisely, taking stock accurately of our own resources and refusing daily to go into personal bankruptcy, no matter how tempting the lure, nor how heavy the pressure. The full price is demanded from us even for the well-chosen duties and pleasures, but He who spake as never man spake before has taught that even the wages of sin spell Death for the sinner; while the beautiful price of obedience to His laws is life eternal. Therefore, come! Go cheerfully forward, easing as we may the yoke upon the shoulder, the cross over the heart. We say with Browning, "I have always been a fighter —one more fight." Better, let us say, after each day's work, with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course," and so some day we shall enter into rest.

"SUFFRAGE SNAPSHOTS."

We have received from the author, Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, one of the brightest contributions in the form of a book, "Suffrage Snapshots," we have ever seen. The title page bears the appeal, "Have a smile with me." The contents consist of witty paragraphs on the Woman Question. All of them are jokes and yet, there is no joke in the permanence of the ideals presented in this book. For instance, I quote one:

"When Utah's electoral college met to cast the vote of the State for President and Vice-President, its members selected the one woman elector to carry the result to Washington. Those Western States are constantly giving just such examples as this of the way men lose respect for women when they can vote and hold office." This book can be purchased at National Suffrage Headquarters, New York City. Price, 15 cents.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN JUNE.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

RUTH.

(Read, first, chapters 17-21 of Judges, and then Ruth.)

It is thought that the Book of Ruth comes in between Judges and Samuel. The narrative itself assigns the setting vaguely as "in the days when the judges ruled.". Josephus gives the time as the days of Eli the prophet.

At the time of the story therefore, as well as before and after, there were corruption, violence, and apostasy, among the Israelites.

On this dark background is painted the pure, transparent figure of Ruth, whose story is intimately known everywhere among civilized peoples.

Ruth was a Moabitish woman. The Moabites, whose home was south and east from the Dead Sea, were, according to the Bible, descendants of Lot, the nephew of Abraham. Although not Israelites, they were therefore kinsmen of the Israelites. Elimemlech's family had gone to Moab from Bethlehem to escape a famine, and there one of his two sons met and married Ruth, the other son marrying Orpah. And the two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, died, as also did the father. Then Naomi, the mother, "arose with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab." It is here that the story really begins.

There can be no doubt that the central characteristic of Ruth's nature is devotion, as exhibited in her attachment to Naomi. When the two young women had gone as far with their mother-in-law on the way to Bethlehem as the custom of those days would require, "Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, 'Go, return each to her mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt kindly with the dead and with me.'" Orpah returned as requested, but Ruth refused to do so. "Intreat me not to leave thee," she said in a beautiful and memorable passage, "or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, I will

die, and there will I be buried." And she accompanied her mother-in-law to Bethlehem, where they both lived, so far as we know, the rest of their lives.

Nor does Ruth's attachment to Naomi diminish on reaching Bethlehem. Ruth there appears as the mainstay, literally as well as figuratively, of the older woman. For one thing, she gleans in the field of Boaz and brings the fruit of her toil home to her mother-in-law, and, for another, she opposes her uncomplaining disposition to murmurings of Naomi. "Call me not Naomi," the older woman complains, "call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me." None of this sort of thing do we hear from Ruth. And then, too, Ruth follows the guidance of her mother-in-law as implicitly as if she had been a child leaning upon superior knowledge and experience, but withal in such a way that leads us to feel that she is distinctly aware of her own real leadership.

aware of her own real leadership. Ruth's subsequent marriage to her husband's kinsman Boaz is another proof of her obedient and willing spirit. It may be quite possible, however, that Boaz was both attractive and manly as well as rich and wise. So that Ruth's stratagem was not an unpleasant duty for her to perform.

No doubt devotion, faithfulness, was Ruth's natural disposition. Orpah evidently looked to her own interest as it was manifest at the time to eyes that saw not in the distance. Nor must we minimize the effort required to leave the home country with its peculiar people, customs, traditions, and religion. But these Ruth also would have to abandon, and did abandon. So she must, by nature, have been inclined to the practice of this beautiful trait of character. Orpah, as Ruth, must have seen the loneliness of the mother-in-law, but it did not touch her as it did the sympathetic nature of the other. And so Ruth yielded to the call of the lonely, the helpless.

One cannot but feel, as one looks at the situation in its larger bearings, that Ruth was also giving up herself to a greater call—the call of the Voice that is still and low, the Voice that is heard only by our deeper and better selves, the Voice that calls out of the far distance, the Voice of destiny and of God. A simple, modest, and delicately organized woman, such as Ruth is represented to us in this fine story, she is eminently fitted to become the antecedent of the Shepherd King, from whose loins was to come the gentle Christ.

QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Ruth? 2. Trace the hand of the Lord in the story. 3. What traits of character does Ruth exhibit? 4. How would these traits of character work themselves out in modern life—that is, what things would they lead one to do?

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN JUNE.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN JUNE.

GENEALOGY.

CONCLUSION.

The wonderful fact that 40,000 women of this Society have been spending some time, at least, this winter in the study and preparation of individual sheets, is the most stupendous happening in genealogical circles for the year 1915. Naturally the question now arises, What shall the results of our wondrous work be?

It may be well to explain exactly what these sheets are and why we have used them. They are sample sheets from the McAlister Living Record Book. Our forefathers were in the habit of keeping family Bibles in which were entered the births, deaths and marriages of the family. The parish church kept a record also of the marriage, birth and death, but each family felt the vital necessity of preserving the family records in their own homes. If a question arose in legal or social matters, it was a difficult matter and sometimes impossible to secure the date required from the parish clerks, for the various items of information would necessarily be scattered through different parish records, separated as the items would be by intervening years. The family Bible, however, kept that information compactly between the lids of that sacred book which was guarded as a treasure above price.

The family Bible has passed out of existence practically, especially the keeping of records therein. What is taking the place of the family Bible in our homes? It is certainly important that we shall get the records of our dead and record them properly, and then preserve them, but it is more vitally important that we shall record and preserve all data concerning ourselves and our children. Our descendants will be quite as disappointed in us if we fail to do this as we are with our grandparents who may have failed to preserve their records for us.

The McAllister Living Record Book was prepared under the

direction and approval of the First Presidency of the Church for the express purpose of recording therein the data which usually went into the family Bible. More than that, very much more, for the author of the book, not only provided places where marriage, birth and death can be recorded, but has included the important items of baptism, of endowments, of missions, of ordinations, or in the case of women, where they were set apart for certain offices, of removal from place to place, and made a place for our educational records. In addition to all this the author provides for a few important eugenic facts such as the weight, the height, the color of the eyes and hair, and the physical habit. Think of the infinite value to our descendants, of these interesting facts.

We say emphatically that every family in this Church should purchase and fill out a Living Record Book. All need it. All should have it. If there be any widows in the Church who are too poor to purchase this book, it might be suggested that they buy a dozen or more of the sample sheets and sew them together with a brown paper cover, taking just as good care of this as they would of the record itself.

Every child that is born should be entered at once into this Living Record. As he is baptized and confirmed, these entries should be made with the names of those who officiate in the ceremony; when he starts to school and the dates of all his ordinations in the priesthood, his missions and finally his marriage. Think how valuable that would be if you had such a record concerning all of your parents and grandparents whom you knew and loved. Then consider the joy and gratitude of your descendants if they possess that information concerning you. How many are there in this Society who have not the scratch of a pen in their own homes concerning the births, blessings, missions, etc., etc., of their children or themselves. This is a genealogical crime and should be remedied at once. Therefore, we close this season's lessons with the earnest suggestion that as far as possible every member of this Society shall secure a Living Record Book and fill it up properly or at least as well as may be. Make birthday presents and Christmas presents of these books to your family and friends.

The Living Record Book is not at all like the record books which have been prepared for the names of our kindred dead and our progenitors. No doubt most of the students are aware of these facts, but we state it for those who are not familiar with this point. One more point remains before we conclude this season's work. A great many ask what shall be done with the sheets which have been filled out during this winter's work. We would suggest that you make duplicate sheets and keep your own as a sample by which to prepare your book, and then deposit the duplicate in the archives of the society. When the great genealogical

library is opened in the new Administration Building in this city, there may be a call issued for all these duplicate sheets from the women of the Society. So we suggest taking excellent care of them.

QUESTIONS.

What is the difference between the McAllister Living Record and the Record Book for temple work?

What have you done about your own living temple record?

Why does each family need a living record book?

How would you proceed to fill up your living record book?

Let such members of the class as may possess family Bibles with records in them produce them at this lesson. Also any who may have filled up their living temple books can exhibit them to the class.

ART.

SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

The latter part of May, and the beginning of June show Nature's greatest profusion of flowers in our Intermountain region. As far as may be, Nature will now be robed in green. Take notice of the wide difference in shades and tints of green by sunlight, shadow, twilight, moonlight, and by starlight. These should be studied. Green is persistent, its color shows strongly at night, or by lamplight. Note the difference in sage-brush green with its blue tendency. The alfalfa in strong sunlight shows more yellow. The apple green also has the same warm tone of yellow. The sage and willow we call cool greens, the alfalfa and apple green in sunlight are the warm greens. Look out on the fields and note the cool green in oat patches, and try to analyze the difference of tone in the various kinds of grain. One has more blue, another more yellow or more purple than the others. Now the sky is filled with fleecy clouds, and the blue breaking through is very intense.

A JUNE PICNIC.

June is the time for summer picnics. Choose the most delightful spot for a walk on this the year's most perfect day. Perfect development shows in all growing things. Now we see the promise of fruits and seeds, which will be harvested in the fall. The air is warm, balmy, and pleasant—the sounds are cheerful. The birds' young broods are talking to their mothers, the insects hum, color is fresh, strong, exciting, and pleasant. There is less of grey than at any other time of year, excepting brightest autumn. June feels joyous, full of hope, self-satisfied.

a. Describe the fields from a high position.
b. Describe your visit out to nature.
c. Which is darker, the sky or the fields?
d. Which are darker, the plowed lands or the green patches?
e. What is the color of the plowed lands?
f. Which are darker, the nearby fields or the far-away?
g. Which are darker, the newly plowed fields, or those plowed last summer?
h. What is most exquisite in May time? (Answer) May morning.
i. What is most wonderful in June? (Answer) The noon time, and the June twilight.
j. Describe a May morning.

ARCHITECTURE.

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—THE FORMATIVE PERIOD, THE COLONIAL OR GEORGIAN PERIOD.

a. Let a native of England describe the land from which the American Colonists came.
b. Describe America as the Colonists found it.
c. What kind of architecture would the Pilgrims naturally use, and why could it not be exactly copies from that of the Mother country?
d. In what other things were the Colonists interested than in houses, and why?
e. What style of architecture or house-building did the natives employ?
f. Have we a national style of architecture?
g. Speak of the Formative Period.
h. Show pictures of the first American buildings if you can.
i. What materials were available for the American home?
j. What materials became most popular among the Colonists?
k. What is the Colonial Period?
l. What are the reasons for the great beauty of Colonial style?
m. Describe Christ's Church, Philadelphia.
n. Describe the interior of Christ's Church—Hartford.
o. Describe Shirley House—Virginia.
p. Describe Craigie House—Cambridge.

LESSON VI.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN JUNE.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME.

THE ORGANIZATION OF HOUSEWORK.

I Woman's Work in the Home.
  1. Results to be obtained.
    a. Physical activities.
    b. Activities for higher life.
  2. The ideal housekeeper.
    a. Homemaker vs. housekeeper.
  3. Hygiene of housework.

II. The Day's Work.
  1. System vs. haphazard effort.
  2. Co-operation between the work of man and woman.
  3. The maker and master of the system.
  4. A working schedule of housework.
    a. The schedule.

III. Children and Housework.
  1. Train while young.
    a. Boy as well as girl.

IV. The Rest Hour.
  1. The physiology of rest.
  2. The method.

Roll call: One way to save work.

Gem: Proverbs 31:10-31 read: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

I. Woman's Work in the Home.

Sisters, why do you work? For what purpose do you spend so lavishly the only thing you really own on earth—your time and your energy?

1. The results to be obtained. The general purpose of housework may be expressed thus: To give joy and health and happiness to your loved ones and thus to attain it yourself to make through your efforts an ideal home in every sense of the term.

a. The physical needs of the home are those which contribute to the health and comfort of its inmates and include nutri-

tion, light, heat, cleanliness, and convenience. The activities which make possible these conditions are many and varied, and include cooking, sewing, sweeping, dusting, bed-making, washing, ironing, nursing, and countless other processes which come in the daily round of every woman's experience.

b. The higher life of man. In addition to the foregoing, the housekeeper must so order her home work that the so-called higher needs of her family may be met. She must inspire in them a desire for an education; to assume their share of civic or neighborhood improvement; to enjoy and extend true hospitality; to obtain aesthetic enjoyment in the arts, music, literature; and last, and most important, to encourage their moral and spiritual growth.

2. The perfect housekeeper. All of these requirements are rather a large order to give any one weak mortal, and yet that is what is given to every woman who faces life as a mother or home-maker. Of course, all women do not accomplish it equally well; all desire to do so, and strive to improve.

a. Home-maker vs. housekeeper. Most women desire to be perfect home-makers which means so much more than to be a so-called "perfect housekeeper." The former is she who sees that all the functions of her life as mother are fulfilled. She recognizes the great value of a clean, orderly home and so orders her time that she has strength to do that properly, and also enough left to instill into her family a love of the nobler things in life. The latter may be a very disagreeable person to live with, even though the inside and outside of the house be scrubbed to a shining cleanliness and the abhorred speck of dust may never find an abiding place.

The really perfect housekeeper is she who understands that the house is for comfort and not discomfort, that the home is made for the husband and children and not the family for the home. She will understand that it is better to have an untidy house for a part of the day, if that is the means to make Sonny and his friends feel that home is the very best place on earth in which to spend an afternoon or evening.

The perfect housekeeper is she who, when she finds that she cannot do all that she would like to do, is content to let some work go undone, if by so doing she may obtain something more valuable and more desirable. She is a master of proportions, and chooses those things in her daily life which have the most lasting value. She studies and prays to be able to discriminate amongst all the desirable things of life, those things which are the essential and which are the non-essential.

3. The hygiene of housework. This subject must not be passed without emphasizing the benefits of housework. No gymnasium was ever equipped that offers the same array of health-

giving exercise that the ordinary home does. If women would only dress comfortably and sensibly, and use wisdom in the performance of all tasks, working in properly ventilated homes, no healthier work could be found on earth than housework.

Discuss.

II. The Day's Work.

In order that one may have time to be home-maker as well as housekeeper, it is necessary to make use of every moment wisely and to plan the day's work so carefully that the housework moves like a well oiled machine. This requires real brain work and is a task equal in importance and difficulty to any that is performed by men in the business world. Some women seem to be born natural organizers, yet all women may improve in this respect if they will take the necessary time and trouble to make for themselves a working plan.

1. System vs. haphazard effort. The only way to accomplish any great work is to reduce it to a system; and this is especially true regarding housework with so many varied tasks and so much necessary routine. The meals come in every home, regularly, twice or three times a day, and the other work must group itself around that.

If housework is not systematized but done only when the notion strikes the worker, be sure the result will be an untidy home. It is so in business; it is more surely so in the home. Regularity and precision must mark the performance of housework or chaos results. Dirt accumulates so fast in this mortal existence that the worker must be most vigilant and systematic to keep ahead of it, and if women would only use their heads more they would need to use the body less. It is a true saying the "head should save the heels."

Co-operation in homes is especially desirable that a closer relation exist between the workers on the farm or in the shops and those in the home, so that the work of each may be done with less friction and loss of time. The wise woman will use her wits and her charm to get her husband to see her point of view. She will be equally willing to see his and give them the support and sympathy in his work that she expects from him in return.

3. The master of the system. If it is necessary to have system in the performance of housework, it is more necessary that the one who makes the system must be the master of it. One could scarcely find a more unsuccessful home than the one in which the system is "boss." No joy or spontanity is possible in such a home—because life itself is so variable. The system must be subservient to the best interests of the family; so that the clock-work machinery continues when all is normal, but may take second place during sickness or any unprecedented occurrence. It must be so elastic that it can adjust itself to the varying de-

mands of family life. There is no greater slave on earth than the woman who is a slave to her system. Whatever happens one must remain master of one's work.

4. A working schedule. It is a great mistake to make the work of one or two days of the week so very hard that the worker is exhausted at the end of them. It is much wiser to spread the necessary work of the week over the six days so that no one day is especially crowded. If housework is done according to a weekly or monthly schedule this may be accomplished and also much of the dreaded semi-annual house cleaning may be avoided.

The schedule must vary according to the number of hands there are to do the work. If a woman has no maid, and her children are small, she must plan more wisely than ever, that work may be done in such a way as to leave her some energy at the end of each day.

Homes vary as do personalities, and no two could use the same schedule. However, a plan is given here that has been found successful. The home which uses this plan is large and one maid is kept, but it may serve as a guide and may be adapted to fit any condition. This schedule is type-written, framed and hung in the kitchen. It is found to be much more satisfactory than to repeat instructions to children or to a new maid if there is one, and, all in all, is found to be a great saver of energy and annoyance.

In this family, too, since it is possible to use electricity for washing and ironing, this process occurs every other week. In the older countries of Europe, washing is done only once a month or once in three months or less often. A business is made of the laundry for two or three days or a week, then it is out of the way for a long period. If properly arranged for the less frequent washing is a great saver of time and strength as well as clothing. This is worth considering.

a. The Schedule.

Every Day.

I. Clean bowl and taps in bath room as you wash.

II. Make fire, brush off stove; empty, wipe off and refill tea kettle. (No mention is made of ashes because a chute runs from stove to a large can in basement and is emptied by a man once in three months.)

1. Begin breakfast.
2. See about yeast and bread. Mix on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday.

III. Brush up front part of house.

1. Open windows and doors to air, remove plants.

2. Brush up (sweep if necessary) library, front room, study, hall, front porch.
3. Dust and straighten.
4. Water plants as needed.
5. Put away books and magazines.

IV. Breakfast at 8 o'clock.
1. Some kind of cereal, and fruit. Chop or eggs. Barley coffee, cambric tea or milk.

V. Clear away.
1. Brush up dining room, downstairs bedroom, bathroom, stairs and porch.
2. Do the dishes as instructed.
3. Clean kitchen and pantry.

VI. Dinner at 12 o'clock.
1. Meat, potatoes, one vegetable, dessert.
2. Clear away.
3. Wipe up kitchen floor every other day. Clean thoroughly on Thursday.

VII. Supper at 6 p. m.
1. Leftovers; soup or vegetable.
2. Look up menus in cook books for supper.

Special Day's Work.

Sunday.

I. Dust and straighten downstairs.
1. Water plants.
2. No breakfast.
3. Dinner at noon—clean linen.
4. Dutch supper, usually—to be simple as possible.

Monday and Tuesday (every other).
1. Wash and iron.
2. Clean cellar.

Monday and Tuesday (the other ones).
1. Clean and straighten house as per daily program.
2. Possible guest dinners.
3. Odd jobs.

Wednesday.
1. Dust and straighten as usual.
2. Meals as usual.
3. Clean dining-room and back porch.
   a. Salt and peppers, wipe off and fill.
   b. Sugars and spoons, wash and fill (lump, cinnamon, common.
   c. Wash napkin rings—keeping track of napkins.
   d. Turn table cloth.
   e. Clean everything on sideboard and serving table.

f. Notice doors, windows, and looking glass; clean if necessary.

4. Once a month.
   a. Dust pictures, walls, electroliers.
   b. Clean sideboard.
   c. Clean serving table.
   d. Clean china cupboard.
   e. Clean salt, peppers, sugars, inside and out.
   (The above may be rotated so that one cupboard is cleaned each week.)
5. Once in three months.
   a. Clean windows, electroliers, cupboards and radiators.
6. Once in six months.
   a. House-clean room; walls, paint, windows, pictures, and cupboards.

Thursday.

1. Dust and straighten front part as usual.
2. Meals as usual.
3. Clean kitchen and pantry.
   a. Every week.
      Stove and tea kettle, thoroughly.
      Clean, polish cupboard and doors.
      Open cupboards—clean paper.
      Knife drawers—clean paper.
      Refrigerator—thorough cleaning, wipe oftener if necessary.
      Window ledges.
      Floors, a good cleaning, wipe mop-boards if necessary.
      Clean out vegetable table.
   b. Every month.
      Give one cupboard a good cleaning and rotate with others.
      Clean porch cupboard.
      Pour strong boiling sal soda water down waste pipes and refrigerator pipe.
      Dust wall, woodwork, radiator.
      Wipe off wood if necessary.
      Clean electrolier and windows.
   c. Every six months.
      House clean rooms.

Friday.

I. Meals as usual.

II. Give following rooms a good cleaning: Bedroom, study, library, front room, hall, front porch, front stairs.
   1. Once a week.
      a. Remove plants to kitchen and give bath.

b.. Open windows and doors.
c. Cover piano.
d. Clean phonograph.
e. Sweep thoroughly.
f. Dust thoroughly.
g. Fill all radiator tanks.

2. Once a month.
   a. Dust walls, pictures, electroliers, shake curtains, sofa pillows and couch cover.
   b. Straighten book cases.
   c. Clean radiators and fill tanks.
   d. Wipe windows if necessary.
3. Once in three months.
   a. Polish and wax floors (a man usually does this).
   b. Wipe off furniture with polish.
   c. Clean windows.
4. Once in six months.
   a. Vacuum cleaner on rugs and furniture.
   b. House clean walls, paint, pictures, etc.

Saturday.

I. Dust and straighten as usual.
II. Meals as usual.
III. Clean.
   1. Back stairs, down stairs, bathroom, and back porch.
IV. Baking.
   1. Dessert for Sunday.
   2. Cake, cookies, raisin bread or buns.
V. Wind clock.

III. Children as Aids.

It is a great thing for children to learn the necessary process of housework under the tutelage of a wise mother. It is no small task to teach children to work, but it is time well invested both for mother and child, and should be begun by small chores as early in the child's life as is feasible. In after years the child can carry some of the load to mother's relief, and at the same time has learned one of life's most valuable lessons: that labor is life; and that there is no joy to equal that of useful work well done.

a. Don't neglect the small boy; let him learn some of the household processes. If there is no farm or outside work for him to do, keep him busy with the house work. It will be a benefit to him all his life and may be his wife will call you blessed! Children are happiest when they are busy and if properly trained can be a great benefit in the home.

IV. The Rest Hour.

It seems fruitless to advise women to take an hour just for

themselves every day—even though the "hour" be only fifteen minutes. But it is advice that every wise woman will follow—at any sacrifice. It is true that in this busy life there seems never to be time for it, but that is one thing a mother must just "take."

1. The body is comparable in every way to a highly sensitive machine. The food eaten may be compared to the fuel; and the pleasures and relaxations of life to the oil that keeps the machine in running order. No machine can run very long without plenty of fuel and oil.

The body builds itself during sleep. The day of the average woman begins about 6 a. m. and lasts until 10 o'clock at night; and the hours of sleep between are often disturbed while children are small. Sixteen hours of ceaseless toil is too much for any machine as sensitive as the body to endure for any length of time. So that if women would only understand themselves a little, many of the ills of a broken body might be avoided. A busy woman *can't afford to miss* the "quiet hour," for because of it the machine will run so much more smoothly during the rest of the time, and so very much more may be accomplished. It is really a necessity, if life is to be lived at its best.

2. One need not necessarily sleep during this period. Though a daily fifteen minute cat-nap is a very good habit for a young mother to acquire. The important thing is that each house-mother (and others, too, for that matter) needs a small period each day *all* to herself. During that time banish all household care and worry—do it through prayer and force of will and constant trying. It will not be easy at first, but stay with it and you will succeed. If your sleep is broken at night, try to sleep or at least relax and rest the body absolutely during your "rest hour." If you sleep well at night, take the time and indulge the taste your life seems too busy to allow,—let it be anything from reading magazine advertisements to practicing the piano.

The main thing is to take it some time during the day and let it be as sacred as your prayers and for all the family to respect. You will be well repaid by the added vigor of body and mind and spirit.

Don't forget that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and Jill a useless woman. A mother must be in command of all her powers and any means is justifiable to that end.

QUESTIONS ON LESSON VI.

1. What is the most important phase of housekeeping and why do you consider it so?
2. What is the difference between a housekeeper and a home-maker?
3. What are your views concerning the healthfulness of

housework? When may it be harmful? How should one dress for it?

4. What are advantages and disadvantages of the use of system in the performance of housework?

5. Have you succeeded in getting the co-operation you desire between the work of the farm or shop and the home? And how have you done it?

6. Do you employ a definite schedule in the performance of your housework and will you give its essential points? (Let three or four answer this question. One month before this lesson is given ask two or more women to prepare and give their own schedule.)

7. Name the advantages of having children, boys and girls, learn to do housework at an early age.

8. Have you been successful in teaching your children to work, and describe your method? a. How early should a child be taught to do small chores?

9. Give some instances where success or failure in life's work has resulted from young people knowing or not knowing how to work.

10. Name some ways of making home work attractive to girls and boys.

11. Do you believe in the "rest hour" and why? Name the benefits of the practice and give instances of those who have profited by it.

12. Have you tried (and with what success) letting your daughters who are studying Home Economics in the schools take the burden of the housekeeping during vacation and letting mother have a rest?

A VOICE CALLING.

A voice insistent, calls unto the soul of man
And bids him take the clod whereon he stands
And mould and fashion it with hands
Made glad by toil;
Until the world that halts to jeer—one day,
All sober, shall pass on its way,
  And ponder in its heart
And marvel, that such common clay
Can clothe a thought divine,
  Yet be of earth a part!

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Old Folk's Greetings.

(Tune: "Count your many blessings.")

When you bowed, this morning, on your knees to pray,
Did you ask God's blessings on the old folks' day?
Have you come to greet them with a smiling face,
And dispel the sorrow from their gathering place?

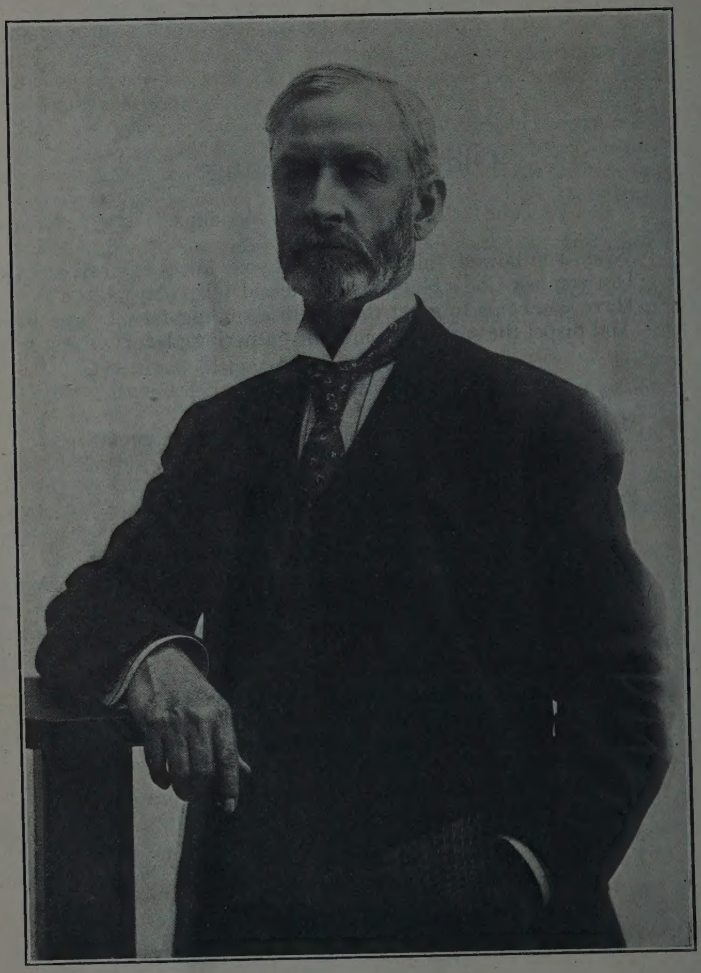
CHORUS:

Welcome, Grandma, with your locks of gray;
Welcome, Grandpa, to our feast today;
Cheer the old folks, greet them with a call,
Welcome to our banquet, welcome one and all.

In life's battles ever they've been brave and true,
They have wrought and conquered, wrought for me and you;
Faced the hostile Indians, where the cactus grows,
Made the desert blossom as the fragrant rose.

Let us cheer the old folks, make them glad today,
Fill their souls with sunshine, help them on life's way;
Loving acts of kindness wield a power to save
Greater far than garlands strewn upon the grave.

Some have crossed the river, in the year just past,
Faithful to their children, faithful to the last;
May we ever follow in the path they've trod,
Faithful to each other, faithful to our God!



CHARLES W. NIBLEY.
Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.